The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1579 APRIL 26, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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FINEST EXTRA Q^TY EXTRA DRY

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When everything is putting out new life, and freshness and beauty are on every hand, your complexion often lacks tone and brilliancy. Climatic changes would have had no power to injure your skin if you had used

BEETHAMS Larola

regularly all through the winter months. Commence using Larola at once on your face, hands and arms; it will keep your skin fresh, soft and smooth, and impervious to sun or wind.
From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct, 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.
If your complexion be too pale, try "Larola Rose Bloom," 1/- per box.
"Larola Toilet Powder," 2/6 per box.
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HOTEL CONTINENTAL Facing the Tuileries Gardens.
In the Centre of PARISIAN LIFE.
COMPLETELY Renovated Refurnished Rebuilt.
PARIS, 3, Rue de Castiglione.
Two minutes' walk from the Concorde, the Opera, the Louvre, the Seine.
E. VELAINE, Managing Director.

to the RIVIERA in COMFORT BY ORIENT LINE MAIL STEAMERS
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Burgoyne's SOUTH AFRICAN WINES
VELDT BURGUNDY | STELLEN HERMITAGE
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OF ALL WINE DEALERS

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PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
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DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD., 9, UNION ST., EDINBURGH

EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

These delightful cigarettes have a flavour and charm which is all their own.

PLAYER'S No 3

Virginia Cigarettes

10 *for* 8d. 20 *for* 1/4
50 *for* 3/3 100 *for* 6/4

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SPECIAL OFFER TO MEN

Without risk you can try a better way of shaving. Purchase a tube of "Field-Day." Give it a fair trial. If you are not entirely satisfied that "Field-Day" fulfils the claims set out below, return the tube to us and we will refund the purchase price and postage.

BETTER SHAVES WITH "FIELD-DAY"

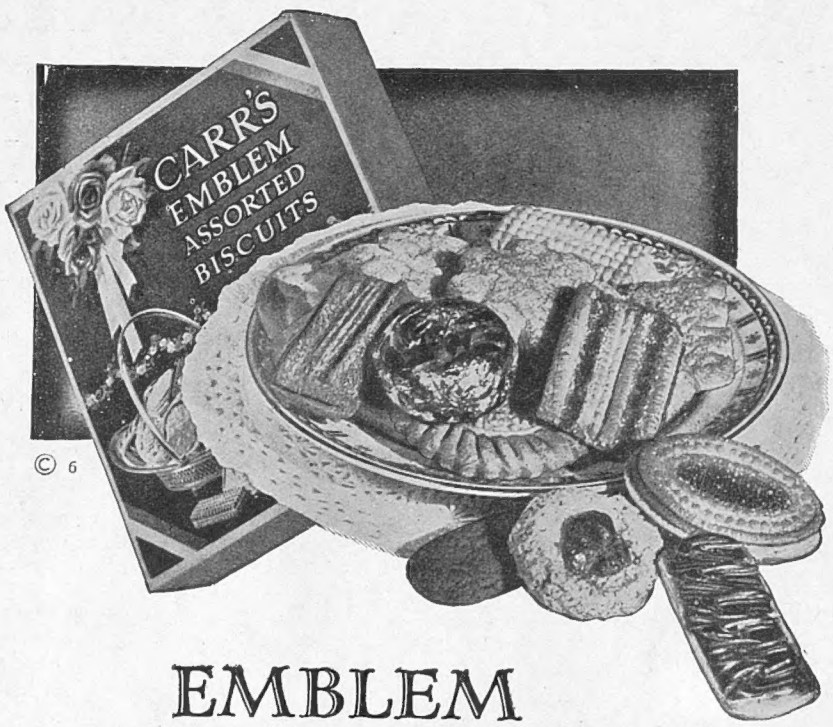
1. "Field-Day" gives a perfectly smooth, clean shave in a much shorter time than soap and brush.
2. "Field-Day" soothes tender skins.
3. "Field-day" makes blades last longer.
4. "Field-Day" shaving is in every way preferable to soap shaving.

That we can make the above offer is proof of our complete confidence in "Field-Day."

"FIELD DAY"

FOR SHAVING—IT'S BETTER THAN SOAP

awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene, is sold by chemists and stores in 1/3d. and 6d. tubes. Dept. "S."
J. C. & J. Field Ltd., London, S.E.1.
Estd. 1642 In the reign of Charles I.



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EMBLEM ASSORTED BISCUITS

For variety this assortment is unique There is a wonderful array of 18 different kinds to tempt the most jaded appetite. The flavour of the first biscuit you try is Good—the second one Better—and so on until you find yourself trying to anticipate the flavour of the next one you eat.

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE

Central Perthshire Highlands

PITLOCHRY

Unequalled as a Holiday Resort and situated near to the famous Pass of Killiecrankie just below the junction of the Rivers Tummel and Garry. Scenery that is unsurpassed elsewhere in Scotland **Loch, River, Mountain, and Valley**

GOLF TENNIS BOWLING
SALMON and TROUT FISHING
MOUNTAINEERING & TOURING

are nowhere else to be enjoyed under such idyllic conditions.

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For tariffs and accommodation write to the Manager of any of the undernoted—

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL
FISHER'S HOTEL
MOULIN HOTEL
PITLOCHRY HYDRO HOTEL
SCOTLAND'S HOTEL

Excellent Train Service to Pitlochry by the LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY. Tourist Tickets Daily and Cheap Excursions every Friday during season.

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
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STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

SMALL WOMEN'S GOWNS

SMALL WOMAN'S FIGURED CRÊPE-DE-CHINE DRESS, made in our own workrooms. In a good range of colours and three sizes. 40, 41 and 42 ins. entire length.

PRICE
8½ Gns.

SMALL WOMAN'S AFTERNOON GOWN in fancy chiffon in the newest colours and designs, cut with long full skirt and detachable shoulder cape; lined throughout georgette. Stocked in two sizes.

PRICE
7½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Write for catalogue.

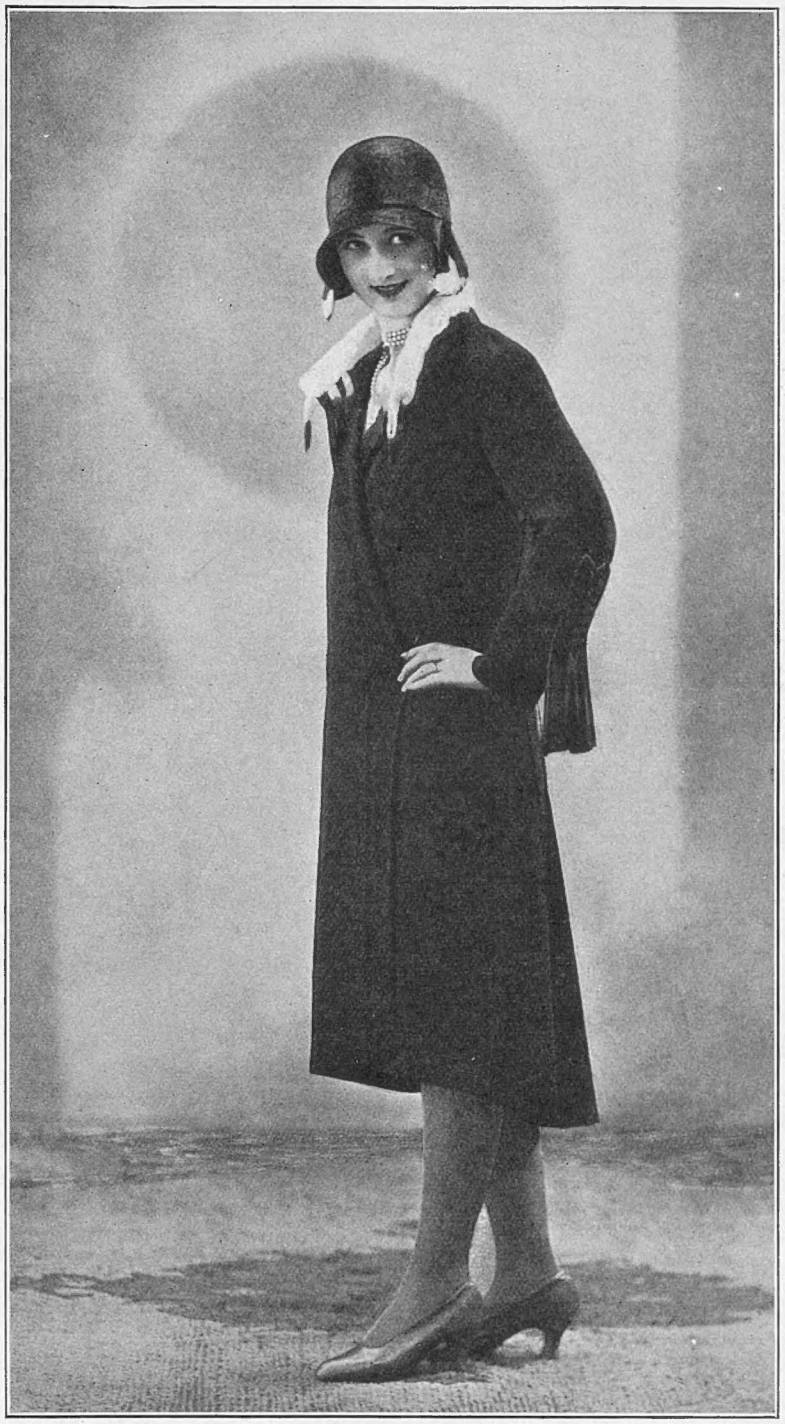
SPORTS CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Scotch Tweed Two-piece in all new pastel colours. Shirts in all shades to match.

FINNIGANS
17-20, New Bond Street, London, W.1

EXPRESSIVE OF INDIVIDUALITY

Here in the Salons of Swan & Edgar are all the season's newest modes selected to appeal for their individuality and good taste.



Black Georgette Trimmed Ermine

Copy of a Patou model this smart town coat is in Black Georgette, the collar of real ermine finished with ermine tails. It is lined throughout with crêpe de chine. It has a semi-cape back finished with buttons and a corresponding effect on the sleeves. In black trimmed ermine, leaf green trimmed ermine or beige trimmed squirrel ... ... 11½ Gns.

Model Coats—Second Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Swan & Edgar, Ltd., London, W.1 *'Phone: Regent 1616*

"Fancy *you* reading advertisements!"

"Why not?"

"Waste of time."

"Maybe—by the way, I see you've bought a Norris Sports Coupé. Why a Norris?"

"I liked the look of it in their ad—in a photograph I saw somewhere."

"I know! That one in 'The Tatler' . . . want a match?"

"No thanks—I have my lighter."

"An 'Uphill,' eh? That's the model illustrated in 'The Bystander' last week."

"Um . . . I believe it was."

"Have a spot?"

"Thanks . . . nicely. Irish, eh?"

"Yes! I like the true whisky flavour."

"I read that somewhere . . . . "

"So you read advertisements too?"

*"***I** *read?"*

"Yes, that's why you bought your Norris and your Uphill—and that pipe—and like this whisky—and have all the best things in your house. You instinctively know an advertised product **must** *be good; something the manufacturer himself is proud of."*

"Um . . ."

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

Gilt-edged Investments in PROTECTION AND COMFORT

Burberry Overcoats, whether designed for town, country, travel or sport, combine fashionable distinction, with the assurance of comfort and protection in *every* kind of weather.

The designs embody the most attractive features of the latest fashions—the materials are choice pure wool fabrics—the tailoring the work of master-craftsmen.

Burberry Overcoats, apart from their distinctive elegance, are ideal safeguards for our changeable climate, as proofed by Burberrys' process, they provide a

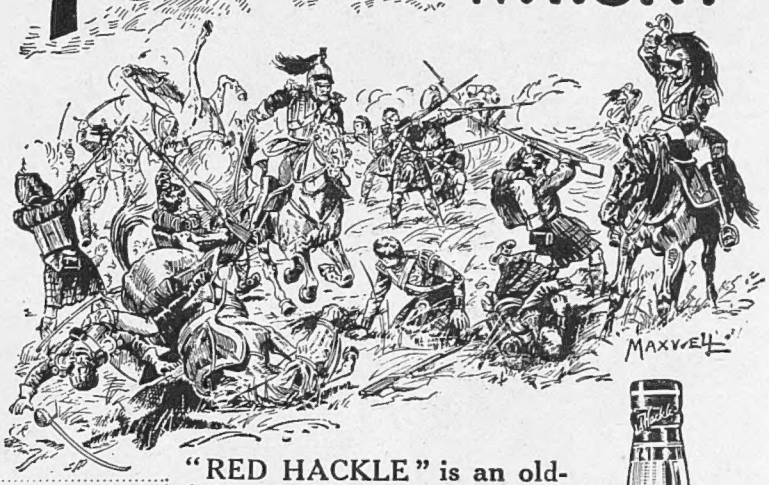
Light, yet Warm Overcoat and Reliable Weatherproof in One Garment

They defy rains and exclude cold winds, yet, naturally ventilating and almost weightless, are the lightest, as well as the most comfortable, Topcoats for warm days.

CATALOGUE illustrating Overcoats for every purpose and patterns of new cloths sent on mention of THE SPHERE.

BURBERRYS *Ltd.* HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

Red Hackle WHISKY



At Quatre Bras the Black Watch bore the brunt of Ney's surprise cavalry attack. Fighting back-to-back, they repulsed the French at all points. For this prelude to the final overthrow of Napoleon the men were allowed to reckon two years service towards additional pay and pension.

"RED HACKLE" is an old-fashioned whisky with the real tang of the Hills.
Produced by demobilized Officers and Men to meet the demand for a whisky of pre-war quality and flavour.
Awarded First Prize in the Competition open to all whiskies at the Brewers' Exhibition.
Try it for a change. You will continue to use it from choice.

150/- per dozen, carriage paid.
Proprietors: HEPBURN & ROSS,
Kelvin House, GLASGOW, W.2.

THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND'S FINEST SPIRIT

SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN CRÊPE-DE-CHINE LINGERIE

In addition to our more exclusive Lingerie our designer has recently produced several attractive lingerie sets, extremely moderately priced. Made from good quality materials, the cut, finish and workmanship are of our usual high standard.

PETAL CAMI-KNICKER in reliable silk georgette, perfectly shaped bodice, trimmed with dainty lace and flat petal skirt. In yellow, ivory, black, mauve, cyclamen, coral pink, parchment and sky.

PRICE **39/6**

Also in pure silk triple ninon in the same colourings, **45/9**

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square), London. W.1

Catalogue post free

Waging War on Germs—No. 2.

WAGING WAR ON GERMS

The woman in the home wages war on disease germs every day in the year. She is the Officer of the Domestic Red Cross. She it is who promotes the health of her household: she it is who ministers to any member in sickness, who binds wounds and keeps infection at bay.

To her aid comes Wright's Coal Tar Soap—for more than 65 years recommended by medical men, and awarded the Certificate of Merit of the Institute of Hygiene.

Containing fragrant creamy emollients and aromatic antiseptics and being scrupulously pure, Wright's Coal Tar Soap is suitable for children of all ages. After physical exertion, or on hot days, a wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap is bracing and invigorating and promotes a feeling of freshness and "tone."

In skin affections this soap is invaluable: cleansing, cooling and antiseptic, it gives no reprieve to harmful germs.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. PER TABLET

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WORLD RENOWNED
FOR
AGE AND QUALITY

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXI. No. 1579 Price One Shilling. Postage {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.} London, April 26, 1930

The EASTER HOLIDAY RUINED with RAIN

A Typical Moment on the Front at Brighton

The week-end spring recess of 1930 will go down to posterity as the worst for half-a-century. Snow was general all over the country, and sporadic rainstorms of almost tropical violence swept the beaches, the roads, and the fields clear of humanity. The wind rose to almost gale force, and exceedingly low temperatures were recorded at many cardinal points of the holiday-makers' compass. The advocates of a fixed Easter, who base much of their argument upon the opportunity it would give to ensure (to some extent) fair weather, have received a rude set-back, for last year when Easter was early the weather was fair and warm, and this year, despite its lateness, the climatic conditions were those seen in the picture reproduced above.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, April 23.

Budget Criticism.—Criticism of Mr. Snowden's proposals for raising the billions continues to fill the columns of the Press. Every class and every interest naturally has its complaint to make, although it is utterly false to say that the Budget nowadays is the one parliamentary measure which directly affects everybody in the community. The evil which cries to Heaven is that the whole community, less 12 per cent., may enjoy complete political power without making any direct contribution to the revenue. The blindness of politicians of every party has brought about this wicked state of affairs. Your lazy tub-thumper, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, can live a life of idleness (and can wine and dine) and vote into power the party which promises him most, without contributing directly or "directly-indirectly" one penny to the Exchequer. Mr. Snowden's Budget indeed puts a premium on dignified and pensioned ease and will force into that blessed state by an increased if indirect burden on industry thousands of decent men who dread the humiliation and degradation of a state pensioner's existence. If only that 2 per cent. of the population which in fact makes any serious contribution to the Exchequer directly was exclusively composed of Lido, Lounge, and Luxury Lizards, how gladly would we add to its burdens and rob the idle rich to pay for the idle poor. But, as we very well know, there is included in that 2 per cent. the hope and salvation and support of millions of honest workers and good citizens.

Cowardice and Desertion.—The House of Lords cut short their Easter Recess when they voted in favour of restoring the death penalty for cowardice and desertion in war; to be precise, when they deleted clause 5 of the Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill. This decision was no more than a gesture. The Commons restored the clause next day and the matter dropped. But to my mind it was a common-sense gesture. By all means let us outlaw war. So far, as the Naval Conference proves, we have not gone far along that golden road. Meanwhile we are right in making as efficient as possible a more than inadequate armed force. I see the rottenness of the Socialist argument that the death penalty for cowardice suited the age of mercenary soldiers and not that of volunteers. There is little of the volunteer army in the fighting forces at the end of a European War nowadays. All sorts and conditions of men are compelled to the flag by process of law. War is a beastly business and without rigorous discipline it cannot be waged successfully. If Lords Plumer and Allenby appreciate better than Lords Parmoor and Thomson the importance of the death penalty as a disciplinary sanction, it is because they have knowledge of the subject under discussion. Lord Parmoor doubtless could floor Lord Plumer on an intricate point in ecclesiastical law. On the subject of disciplinary sanctions in war, he and all the Labour Government are infinitely less qualified to give an opinion than you and I. No one would listen to Lord Allenby on a technicality in the theory of bimetalism. Why then should Mr. MacDonald and his henchmen set up as authorities on the subject of discipline in war contrary to the best military opinion?

Naval Conference White Paper.—The White Paper which summarizes "business done" during the Naval Conference is obviously worth studying. It is as clear as good propaganda should be, and as terse. If you are inclined to dismiss the Conference as an expensive failure, take note of this fact. The three-power pact has, at any rate, done something for your pocket. It is incontestable that during the next six years the taxpayer will be spared something like sixty-three millions by modification of the pre-pact basis of construction. And it is worth remembering that, though a five-power pact was not achieved, there is more than a possibility that Italy, and even France if they do not later come into line, will melt when they note the moderation of the other three and cut their own cloth in conformity. On the other hand, the safeguarding clause in the Naval Treaty protects the three signatory powers from signing away their security irrevocably.

Dr. Bridges.—That the *Testament of Beauty* will survive among the great poetic creations of the English people I am ready to take on trust. I am dimly able to appreciate its range, its depth, its bigness. It is beyond me in the same sense that Milton is beyond me. It awakes no answering cheer in my heart because the poetry that appeals to the ordinary man all life through is the poetry absorbed in boyhood. Dr. Bridges was an eager craftsman to the end of his long life. He was born in the early Victorian tradition, and might have rested content with the poetic forms of his middle age. But he preferred to die in his laboratory, testing out new formulæ, caring nothing for the criticism of the vulgar, comforted by the support of the very few living men whose opinions on his particular trade matter at all, absorbed in his chosen work.

A Late Spring.—If the country is *always* very blind each year when November comes round, it is certainly remarkable how backward is the Spring of 1930. It is a subject which always interests me, and I have methods of gauging Spring's advance. To-day as I write I see before me distant views which in a normal year would long since have been blotted out by green verdure. But a cold burst in April does not seem to deter the spring flowers who have their entrances and exits very invariable. The migrants, of course, vary according to the temperature, and the chiff-chaff and willow wren were first noticed much later than last year. No one wrote this year from Fontwell Magna in the first week of April announcing the cuckoo's arrival. The first authentic record of the cuckoo was as late as April 12.

The Wintry 20th.—A cold April such as this April has on the whole proved is an affliction. We feel the cold very much more when winter is officially over, and this month has been the least endurable part of a very mild winter. In the depth of the snowstorm on Easter Eve I had recourse to my old diaries,

SPECIAL RUSSIAN SECTION

Attention throughout Europe is riveted on the great melting pot of institutions, human and divine, that lies to the east of the Continent, sprawling from Christendom to Shamanism, from Occident to Orient. "The Sphere" in this issue devotes a special section, appearing on pp. 170-171, and 175 to 178, to a pictorial and literary review of that land struggling through agony to, we hope, an ultimate light. Obverse and reverse of the Muscovite medal are shown with careful impartiality—the improvements on and the deteriorations from life under the Tsars

and for the benefit of eminent meteorologists I extract certain facts concerning April 20, which I have always regarded as a certain nap for wintry weather. April 20, 1929, I recorded as cold and snowy; April 20, 1928, as icy cold; April 20, 1927, as bitter cold. On April 20, 1926, I was at St. David's, and cannot speak for the weather in Eastern England, and the year before I was in Southern France. Not a good time for a fixed Easter.

English Gardens—Look Ahead.—Nothing in our social life gives me more satisfaction than the present enthusiasm for gardens among all classes. It is out and out the healthiest of all our fashions and infinitely the most unselfish. Twenty years back you could almost count up the private gardens worth seeing. To-day there is hardly a householder in the country who cannot show you something well worth seeing. And now once more that beneficent scheme which breaks down class prejudice (and assists district nursing) is in operation, and I propose from time to time to remind you of lovely gardens near London which are throwing open their gates to you. *Make your plans ahead.* On Sunday, May 4, there is Pain's Hill at Cobham. You know its inviting gates on the Portsmouth Road. Horace Walpole often praised it. On the 7th, Mr. Warwick Deeping is showing his interesting experiments at Fanny Kemble's old home, Eastlands (Weybridge). On May 10 you should travel to Haslemere and visit Frensham Hall, far-famed for its rare trees and flowering shrubs, which will very likely divide the honours this year with lingering spring bulbs and the glory of wild fruit tree blossom, and Grayswood Hill. And on Sunday, May 11, Bron-y-de, Churt (Farnham Station), the English home of Mr. Lloyd George, will surely draw you as a magnet draws a needle.

Our Friends, the Enemy.—Welcome Australia! How it all comes round again, the unchanging Test season. About midwinter we get the first echo of the growls and groans that go up down under when the team is selected. Then as March goes out like a lion we hear of them in Colombo. And then the Test journalists begin to open their shoulders, and we hear of the team's doings (the inevitable Pompeii, etc.) at Naples. And here they are and the first holiday game afoot, and our English weather very much as you'd expect. We are very glad to see them. There are mere boys in the team. Australia's No. 1, Jackson, a newcomer, is only twenty. "Boy" Bradman is bringing with him an average of 127 for the season just passed. McCabe is Babe McCabe, for he is only nineteen and a budding Jessop. "Trumper" Kippax is an old hand, new to England. Of the old and bowled (sometimes), here are Captain Woodfull and Commander Richardson, Ponsford—in temporary eclipse—and Oldfield. Grimmett, Hornibrook, and Wall, three well-known Tom Bowlings, are reinforced by Hurwood and Mather. A'Beckett and Fairfax, both old friends, complete the outfit.

Australia's Task.—No doubt about it this team (if it forgets all about the international importance of the affair) is capable of scoring very quickly, will prove as quick as a bunch of greased lightning monkeys in the field, and ought to get England out inside ten hours. I hope they will do so. I hope they and the English team will remember that the Test matches are not really as important as the late-lamented Naval Conference, or as the coming Imperial Conference, and can be taken at a quicker pace. Cricket in England—county cricket at any rate—is in a rather critical plight financially, and cannot be for ever bolstered up by the "takings" at international Press-boosted matches. County cricket may draw its recruits from village cricket, but it takes its tone from Test cricket. We look to the Australians to set us an example of quick, jolly, sporting cricket.

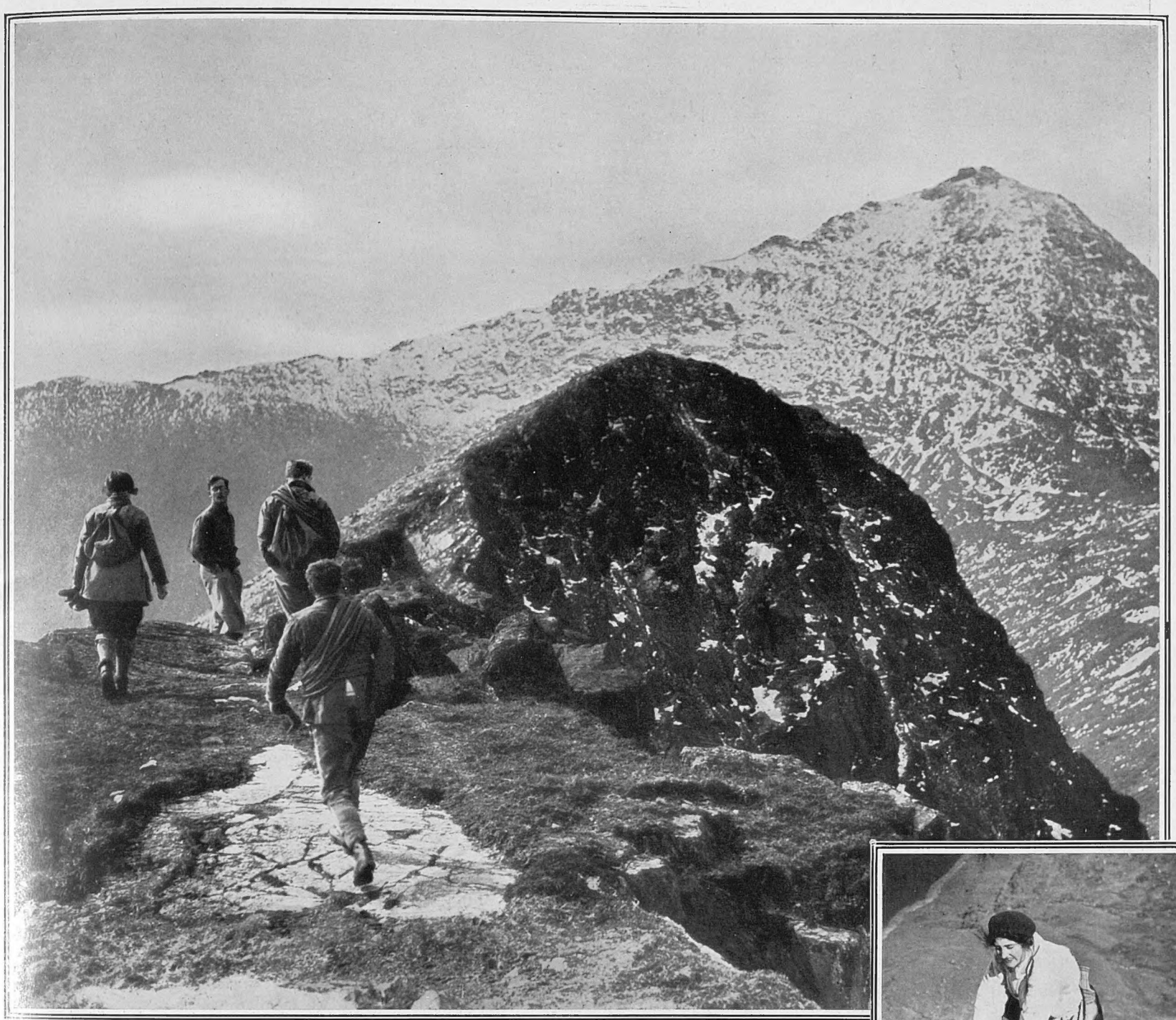
A Doleful Picture.—I rejoice, as Lord Birkenhead does, that there is no chance of being alive to experience the state of human existence in 2030. He has indeed painted a doleful existence, so doleful that I am sure his recent illness was solely due to the melancholy task he set himself of depicting the daily life of his grand-children's children. Life in 2030 is to be an "insufferable sufficiency of breath," the life of the fatted hen or prize pig intolerably prolonged. The relaxation of unexpected misfortune is to be denied us; disease is eliminated; the years of our sufferings doubled. Space ceases to exist; time presents no obstacle to our whims. And under the sun there will be nothing new, nothing unexplored. Children will be produced in glass bottles and reared up in the State's hygienic crêches; food will be horribly nutritious and easily come by, for everything for which we happy Victorians sweated and laboured will be done by the pressure of a button. Life without labour and failure is not worth living. Poor little great-grand-children! I hope our grandchildren will not have the heart to create you for the torture chamber.

St. Kilda's.—If you value a sharp corrective to our self-glorification, turn your eyes to St. Kilda's, that lonely island in the Outer Hebrides. Formerly a part of the domains of McLeod of Dunvegan Castle, St. Kilda's, by its geographical position, apparently baffles all efforts towards civilization. I remember an interesting talk with the late chieftain at Dunvegan in Skye when he showed me his St. Kilda's Museum, including the "St. Kilda post office and mail boat." It was a simple bottle to which the inhabitants periodically entrusted a message which they consigned to the sea hoping that in due course the tides would wash it up on the rocky coast of Skye. The lot of the crofter in the Western Isles to-day is infinitely more secure, more coloured, and more luxurious than was that of the laird of 1745. But on St. Kilda's alone Time has stood still. Even now the happy-go-lucky "St. Kilda's Mail-boat" is the islanders' surest means of communication with civilization. Since January they have had no communication whatever with the outside world. The potato crops have failed and the islanders are starving on meal and water. Even radio has failed them. They are men of like passions with ourselves. They are, in the genial phrase, our "blood brothers." The thing disgraces our boasted civilization.

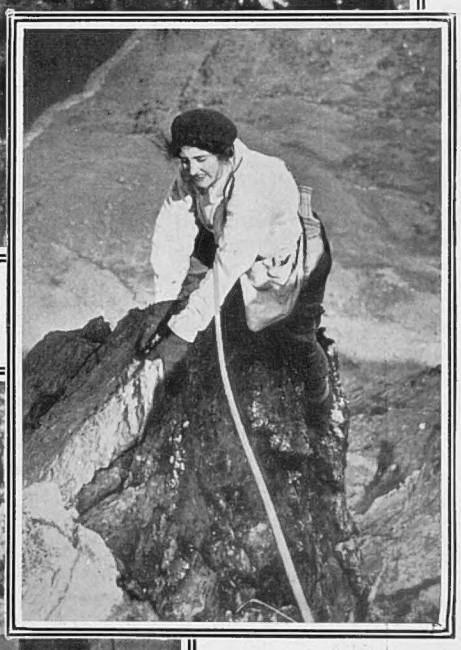
THE OLD STAGER.

PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Last year "The Sphere" was privileged to present the first actual photographic reproduction of the Selection Committee of the R.A. at work on its stupendous task of choosing from the thousands of pictures submitted those worthy to be hung. This is, however, not the final stage, and Sir Herbert Hughes-Stanton, R.A., is seen above going over the water-colours passed by the preliminary examination to determine which fortunate examples shall adorn the walls of Burlington House

WITH the OPEN AIR FOLK at EASTER



"EXCELSIOR!" A party of Alpine enthusiasts on the peak of Lliwedd, some 3,000 ft. above sea level. The rugged summit of Snowdon is seen in the background. It was not only lofty peaks that encountered snow during the past Easter week-end. The temperature at Kew was 41 deg. on Saturday, as compared with 66 deg. in 1929

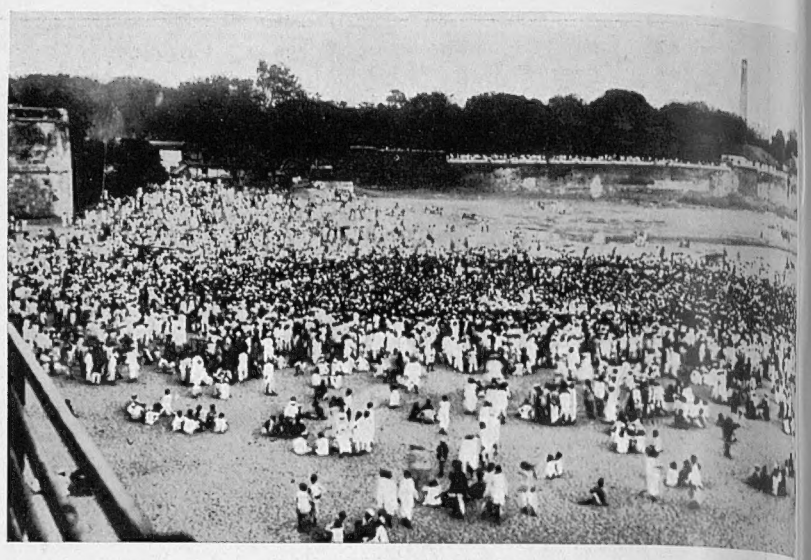


A PRECARIOUS PERCH: A fair Alpinest surmounting the west peak of Lliwedd, famous for its almost perpendicular climb over rock. A lake lies, a shining sheet of silver, 2,500 ft. below

SPARTANS OF BRITAIN: Despite the severity of Freezter—as one wit christened the past week-end—with its widely distributed areas afflicted with rain, snow, and bitter weather, the holiday spirit was abundant all over the country. Not even the furious sporadic storms of Saturday deterred the out-of-doors enthusiasts. The party above is seen coping with a recalcitrant tent with commendable cheerfulness. One feature of the week-end was the fantastic emptiness of the roads. Instead of being endangered by the usual efflux of motor-cars, pedestrians were enabled to use even arterial highways as footpaths

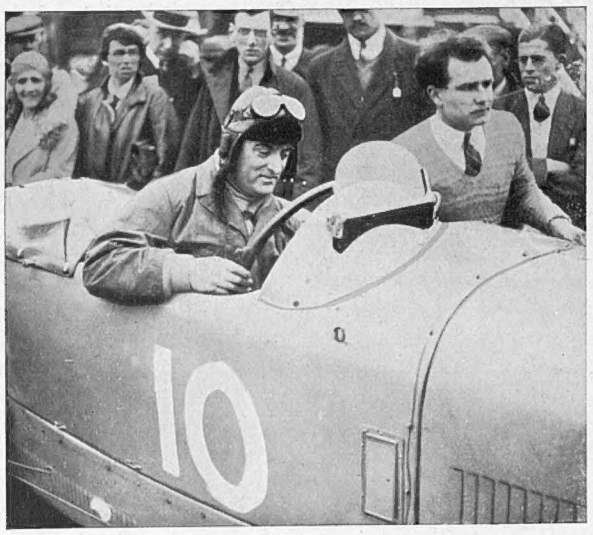
INDIA FLARES UP AT CALCUTTA

CONFLICT WITH AUTHORITY: Calcutta police officers remove dismantled buffalo carts to allow passage of traffic at Howrah Bridge after the riots (in which six were killed and sixty injured) arising from the enforcement of the new anti-overloading orders



THE CRUSADE. Gandhi, the damp-squib who periodically fizzes and flares, addresses his "crusaders" against the salt monopoly and tax on the sands of Ahmedabad. Despite his most urgent efforts, he cannot induce the Indian Government to arrest him

EASTER AWHEEL WITH THE MOTORISTS



A GENTLEMAN OF SPEED: Captain Malcolm Campbell in the Bugatti in which he ran second in the Dorset Lightning Short Handicap at Brooklands on Easter Monday

THE RECORD BREAKER: Captain H. R. S. Birkin who, in a 4½-litre supercharged Bentley, broke Mr. Kaye Don's record for a Brooklands lap. He registered 135·33 m.p.h.

"PETROL MINDED": A scene on the Birmingham-Worcester road before Easter developed into Freezter. Heavy cars, light cars, motor-cycles, combinations, caravans, and char-a-bancs, all thronged the roads. Even pedestrians (and the inevitable cyclist) were not lacking in parties even on arterial roads

ITEMS FROM EQUINE CIRCLES

WEIGHING IN: Miss Mann-Thompson, a competitor in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race, an item of the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds Point-to-Point held at Sonning Farm, Sussex. Many ladies are now riding in point-to-points—and excellent their horsewomanship is

A ROYAL GIFT: The Shetland pony presented by the King and Queen to their grand-child, Princess Elizabeth, on her fourth birthday, arrives from Naseby Hall at Windsor where H.R.H. is staying. On the festive day the Empire's Darling took the salute at the Changing of the Guard—from her pram! Her Royal Highness is delighted with the gift

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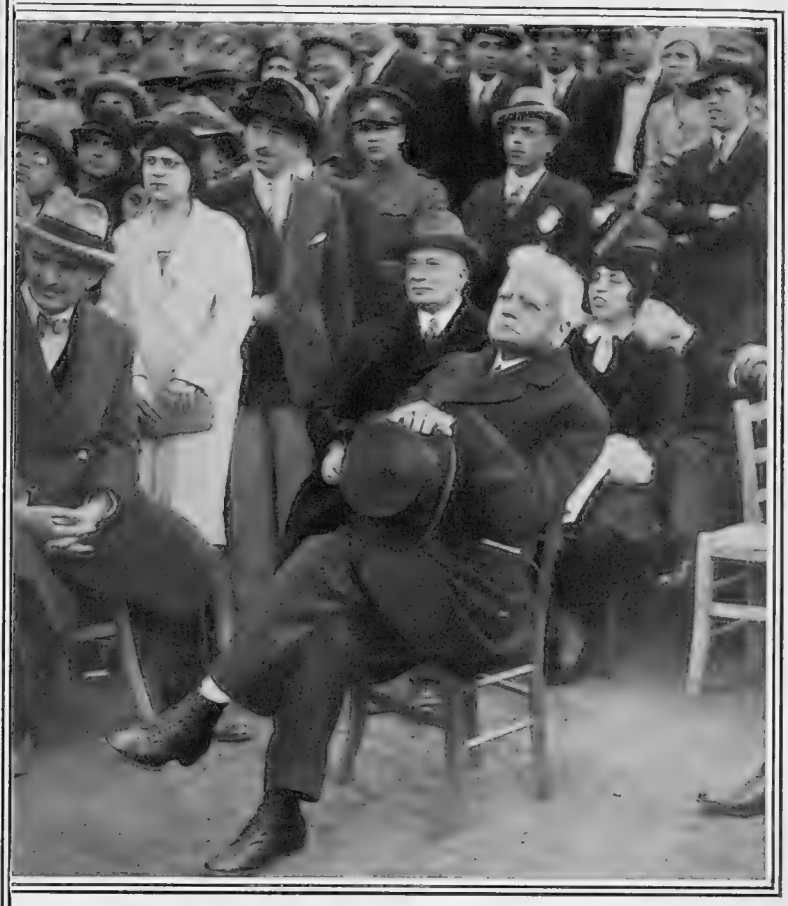
The NEWS outside ENGLAND

The Greek Independence Centenary Pageant: A Star in the Darkness: Anglo-German Rivalry

THE ENGLISH DELIVERER OF GREECE: The actor representing Byron in the great festival in celebration of the centenary of Greek independence in the stadium at Athens. It was witnessed by 200,000 patriots



THE PRESIDENT CROWDED OUT: M. Zaimis watched the independence celebrations of Greece at the Athens stadium on a rush chair owing to the crowd which overflowed even into the officially reserved seats

A STAR TO GUIDE THE SIGHTLESS: Miss Cyrana Van Gordon of the Chicago Opera Company has decided to train Miss Ruth Hammer Quist, a fourteen-year-old blind girl with a remarkable voice. The decision was taken after hearing Miss Hammer Quist sing in a Chicago church

ENGLAND *v.* GERMANY: The rival captains of the International Ladies' Hockey teams shake hands before contesting for supremacy recently at Berlin. The British team was victorious by 5 goals to 1 after a strenuous and very sporting struggle

DELPHI'S FESTIVAL RE-CREATED.

VIRGINS OF THE SUN GOD'S SHRINE: A scene during the dress rehearsal of the Festival of Delphi, to be held for the second time in 1,500 years next month. It is hoped that the re-creation of an ancient may correct the faults of a modern culture

IN THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF DEMETER: A scene during the dress rehearsal held in Athens of the Festival of Delphi. Inset above on right *are typical Greek participants in the festivals of Hellas*

Inspired, possibly, by the example of Mussolini, who has sought in every way to re-animate the present-day Latins with the ambition to emulate their imperial forbears, Greece is re-enacting elements of her classic life. Pre-eminent among the great Hellenic institutions, of course, were the Oracles, pre-eminent among which, again, was that at Delphi, famous equally in history and myth. In these days of modernity, the crying need is for balance—that guiding star of the great Greeks—and it is hoped by these means to establish in the hearts of the Hellenes of to-day that perfection of proportion, that serenity of outlook that made the name of Greece a synonym for classicism for more than 2,000 years. Madame Eva Sikelianos, the American wife of the Greek poet, Angeles Sikelianos, is now making final preparations for the great Festival of Delphi, which is to be held for the second time in 1,500 years in May. Well known Grecian Society people are taking part in the great festival pageant. New point is given to the immortal lines of Byron, crying a century ago in the wilderness of Greek intrigue and inertia:—

"And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
That Heracleidan blood might own."

In such efforts as these the prayer of the poet bids fair to be realized.

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

PRIME MINISTER AND ENVOY: Count Bethlen, the Hungarian Premier, arrives at Rome to discuss important political questions with Signor Mussolini. He was received both by the King and the Pope

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

ENGLAND A REPUBLIC ? ? ?—"I prophesy that George V will be the last King of England!"

So writes in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine the Countess of Warwick, "descended on the one side from Nell Gywnn, on the other from Oliver Cromwell," and—the editor adds, "now a confidante of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald."

It is destiny, the trend of history, more than the will of the British people that will make an end of our monarchy, and of England a republic, declares the Countess. "I happen to be one who is convinced of the justice and wisdom of the present Labour government," she writes.

I lay no claim to being a prophetess. But I venture to disagree with the prophecy of the Countess of Warwick, older, and, no doubt, wiser than I.

Ideals of government, of society, social and international relations, even of religious conceptions and beliefs, are undergoing a change—are in a state of transition. But, in my travels the wide world over, I have not found a land nationally better governed, cleaner of corruption, people with more personal liberty, politically happier, or more self-governed than Britain and the British.

Has the King too much or too little power? Certainly not too much. The President of the United States is a Mussolini in comparison. The President of the German Republic, no less the "figurehead" that the Countess of Warwick calls our King.

Whose system shall we substitute for ours? Our King is King of ALL the people. He is above parties—a symbol of stability. Shall we throw that high office into the arena of party politics, and invite the impossible conditions, the confusion, the chaos, party feuds, class hatreds of Germany, Austria, and Poland, which have discredited democracy, are wrecking the parliamentary system in those countries, and turning public mind to the idea of dictatorship as relief?

LONG LIVE THE KING.—Should we be a better-governed and happier people if ruled by an elected president, who is a party dictator, and has the interests of one class, one party, most at heart? Would the tremendous cost, and national turmoil attached to presidential elections, be more economical than our democratic monarchy? Are the people of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, worse governed, less progressive under their popular monarchies, less happy than those of France, Germany, Austria, Poland, Finland, or even Switzerland? Will closer relations with America bring stronger influence in the Labour party for a republic?

Man, increasingly also, Woman, makes history. History does not make man. The THOUGHT that makes and moves history, germinates in human brains. Beyond that—whence it comes—we know not.

Destiny more often is the East's "Will of Allah," the West's "God's Will," that so readily furnishes an excuse for individual or national ambition or plans, and the passive resignation when they have proved to be failures or mistakes.

The Countess of Warwick writes that on the one side she is descended from Charles Stuart, King of England, on the other from Oliver Cromwell, who beheaded the King, therefore she claims she can be impartial. I wonder. Her argument that King George and his immediate predecessors have been so admirable that they have made themselves superfluous—are no longer needed—is unique. As well say that God, being infinite goodness—the Universe does not need *Him*.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.—The London Naval Conference is ended. The world breathes a sigh of relief. In turn, enthusiastically interested, keenly disappointed, bored to indifference, public opinion became disturbed by obvious deep-rooted differences. Public interest was all but killed by nearly twelve weeks of secret squabbling and wrangling. Even the somewhat inflated measure of success that the delegation leaders, each for himself, seeks to register publicly, will scarcely revive much interest, or arouse great enthusiasm anywhere.

The Conference was not wholly a failure, nor did it achieve what optimists and the illusioned expected of it. Realists are more inclined to congratulate than to cavil at results. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover did their best.

"Parity" between Britain and America is agreed upon. The British Navy remains the premier navy. Britain is still the first sea power, thanks to our great mercantile marine and superior naval bases. That is as it should be. No empire is so scattered over the globe as ours is. That is indisputable.

The real victor is France. Her attitude, for which she blames Italy, smallest and weakest of the five, prevented a five-power pact. Nor did France give up her aim for a first-class navy. That is the one disquieting factor for England arising from the Conference.

The three-power pact between Britain, America, and Japan calls for a "building holiday" of capital ships until 1936. Reduction of naval armaments is to be the painless method of letting their navies slowly "die off" in natural death. No replacement of capital ships is to be made in that period. Much of the savings thereby promise, however, to disappear "in the air," in the creation of a greater "airine" by each power, if the war air fleets can be so called.

The "air budget" of America has been increased 140 per cent. That of France 113 per cent., Italy, 25 per cent. The British budget for the Air Force shows a small increase over last year. It is approximately £18,000,000 all told.

The "humanization" of submarine warfare, agreed upon, and about which much ado is made, is beautiful in theory, but difficult in practice as long as merchantmen are armed and permitted to fire upon "subs."

The Conference leaves behind a black cloud—much darker than when the five powers first convened. It is the greatly intensified Franco-Italian situation. Deep-lying mistrust, suspicion, antipathies, were sharply brought to the surface, old sores laid open.

Briand is credited with having said that public opinion in France on the one hand, in Italy on the other, permitted no compromise at the moment.

Travelling in France and Italy in the last two weeks, I was surprised to find how deep and how bitter the feeling is in both countries. In Italy there runs a strong undertone of a song of hate. The French react with professed contempt, more galling to the Italians than hatred. I heard French say things about their ally that to-day they do not say of the Germans. It is an atmosphere that bodes ill. Mussolini is well-advised of sentiment in France. The French General Staff and Quai d'Orsay are no less well-informed of thoughts, hopes, and plans in Rome.

THE IRON CROWN.—Once again the spectre of a king mounting the vacant throne of Hungary, placing upon his head the thousand-year-old iron holy crown of St. Stephen—waiting since 1819 to be taken out of the royal strong box in Budapest—is disturbing the dreams of the Little Entente statesmen.

The visit to the city of the Duce and the Cæsars by Count Bethlen, the astute Hungarian Premier when I was in Rome the other day, is brought in connection with the earlier visit to Rome of Archduke Joseph of Budapest. The Archduke was received with almost royal honours by King, Mussolini, and Pope. Count Bethlen, too, was very warmly received in Rome, granted audiences by the King and the Pope, given a small dinner by the Duce, and—so it was repeated in diplomatic circles—had a three hours talk with Mussolini *tête-à-tête*.

Mussolini is convinced that France is hostile to Italy's aspirations, is pursuing a policy of "Einkreisungspolitik" (encirclement) against Italy, such as that with which the Germans charged King Edward, and the Duce is credited with diverse plans for breaking that ring.

Hungary has never ceased to protest against the unjust mutilation of that country by the victorious Allies. She is waiting opportunity, biding time till she may break some of those fetters. Out of all these circumstances comes the report that Count Bethlen went to Rome to get the approval and support of Mussolini and the Pope for a King for the Hungarian throne. Neither Admiral von Horthy nor Count Bethlen are committed to "King" Otto of Hapsburg, now studying in Louvain, whom legitimists consider King of Hungary.

THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA OF SWEDEN: The coffin with the earthly remains of the late Queen Victoria of Sweden being carried into Riddarsholm church, where she was buried in the vault of the Bernadotte royal family

LEADER OF THE VAN.—Emperor Hirohito of Japan, the one-hundred-and-fourth descendant of the 2,500-years-old Japanese Imperial line, celebrates his twenty-ninth birthday on April 29. Nothing could offer sharper or more significant contrast than the manner in which former Mikados passed their cloistered lives shrouded in the mystery of semi-divinity, and the progressive, patriotic leadership and rule of the enlightened Emperor Hirihoto. As Crown Prince he over-ruled all known tradition in 1921 by travelling outside his own country on a six-months' world tour. His personal tastes are modern and scientific. Golf, riding, tennis are his favourite forms of exercise. Biology is his hobby, but he is more than merely an amateur at the science which he studies indefatigably. The traditional Japanese kimono is reserved for ceremonial occasions only. In public the Emperor wears uniform, and at home European mufti. In seventy years only Japan has emerged from secluded feudalism to take her place in the front rank of modern Powers. The young Emperor himself leads the vanguard.

FILMING "THE SQUEAKER":

The Breaking of a Speed

PASSION THWARTED: Mr. Eric Maturin and Miss Ann Gray in a vivid and vigorous scene from "The Squeaker"

This is a drama within a drama. It is not an imaginary account of a rehearsal of Mr. Edgar Wallace's first "Talkie"—"The Squeaker"—at the Lion Film Studios at Beaconsfield but an actual record of a day's work. And astonishing as it may appear, it is the true tale of a "tail hustle." Ninety feet of film are now shown a minute by the new talkie projectors, against the sixty feet a minute which was the rate of the projection in the old silent films. Ten hours of patient work each day to produce 450 ft. of film—ten hours to produce a strip of film it will take only five minutes to show on the screen. Mr. Wallace estimated that it would take him three weeks to produce a 9,000-ft. reel—a rate of production unheard of in America. It is just announced that he has done better than his estimate and beaten all the American records in speed in this production of a "Talkie."

ACT I

The Film Studio, Beaconsfield

The floor of the studio is occupied by an "interior" set. Sun arc men are standing by, and spot-light men are at their stations in the galleries. Facing the "set" the camera-men are incarcerated in their sound-proof boxes. On the O.P. side the sound-tester listens in in another sound-proof box. In the centre of the "set" is Edgar Wallace seated at a little table engaged apparently in a tense but whispered quarrel with Mr. Eric Maturin and Miss Trilby Clarke.

Edgar Wallace whispers fiercely at Miss Clarke, who whispers viciously back. Eric Maturin, scowling, hisses venom at both.

Edgar Wallace (*aloud, rising*): Right; I think that's good enough. (*To Miss Trilby Clarke*): But you're still wonky in your words, darling.

(*Edgar Wallace strolls away and reveals himself dressed in a brown velvet smock, green flannel shirt, no tie, grey flannel trousers, and blue leather slippers. He is without his famous "walking-stick cigarette-holder." "No smoking" in the studio. He seats himself cross-legged on a low stool against one of the camera boxes—rather like a telephone booth but larger—and surveys the scene with the gently possessive smile of a benign pasha.*)

Edgar Wallace (*tilting his sombrero and shouting*): My hat in the way?

Muffled Voice (*from camera box*): No ——

Edgar Wallace: All right! (*loudly*). Sound test! Silence! (*He seizes a disc at the end of a long flex and presses a button, which sounds a klaxon horn outside the studio.*)

(*Everyone stands rigid and motionless. A silence as of death falls upon one and all.*)

Edgar Wallace (*to Miss Trilby Clarke*): Now then, darling, let him have it.

Trilby Clarke (*seizing Maturin by his coat lapels*): If you leave me for that girl—I'll squeak to the police! Aren't I your only legal wife? (*Banging him violently with her fist on his shoulder-blade*): I'll kill you! I hate you! I'll ——

Eric Maturin: Crazy woman. Shut up. You'll have the whole house down in a minute. (*Hurls her into a chair.*)

Edgar Wallace (*Shouting to sound-box*): How's that?

(*Still small voice from sound-box is understood to say that Mr. Maturin wasn't directly beneath the microphone, and that Miss Clarke hadn't raised her voice sufficiently.*)

Edgar Wallace (*genially*): Hear that, Trilby? Work up to it, darling! Now, then!

(*Messenger enters hurriedly.*)

Messenger: Excuse me, Mr. Wallace, but the *Blank Magazine* is on the 'phone. They want to know what you've done about the short story they were expecting to-day.

Edgar Wallace (*grimly*): Tell 'em that to oblige them I got up at five this morning and finished the dam thing before I sat down to breakfast. It's on the way up to town now. (*To Miss Clarke*): Now, darling—give him gyp! (*Presses button and klaxon horn sounds. Silence again.*)

Trilby Clarke (*passionately seizing Maturin by the lapels*): If you leave me for that girl, I'll, I'll, etc., etc.

Eric Maturin: Crazy woman! Shut up! etc., etc.

Edgar Wallace (*Shouting to sound-box*): How's that?

("*Listener in,*" *with head in sound-box, says that this time Miss Clarke has pitched her voice too high.*)

Edgar Wallace (*kindly*): Hear that, darling. Now ——

(*Enter Miss Pat Wallace, hurrying.*)

Miss Pat Wallace: Sorry, father, but *The Daily Herald* is on the 'phone. They say your new serial starts on Monday and that they've only got enough to last till Tuesday.

(*Edgar Wallace lifts an eyebrow at Second Secretary.*)

Second Secretary: It's quite all right, Mr. Wallace. They've plenty to go on with.

Edgar Wallace (*to Miss Pat Wallace*): Tell 'em, darling, will you? (*To Miss Trilby Clarke*): Now then, darling, mind, you mean to kill him, but don't shout so loud.

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT: Mr. Eric Maturin held up at the pistol's point—a tense moment from the Edgar Wallace film

Miss Trilby Clarke (*seizing lapels of Maturin's coat, with restrained passion*): You leave me for that girl, etc., etc.

Mr. Eric Maturin: Crazy woman, etc., etc.

Mr. Eric Maturin (*rubbing shoulder-blade at close of incident*): Here, I say, can't you hit me a bit lower?

Edgar Wallace: Serves you right, Eric. Don't hold the girl like that. Here, I'll show you.

(*At this point Mr. Bryan Wallace enters the studio at a gallop.*)

Mr. Bryan Wallace: Sorry, dad, but can you knock off a moment to have a look at some "rushes." ("Rushes" are "rush" prints for sound and vision projection tests.)

Edgar Wallace (*with mournful gentleness*): Oh! Hell! Must I?

Mr. Bryan Wallace (*firmly*): I'm afraid you must. It's the breakfast scene between old Lou and Miss Ann Gray. Old Lou's hissing like a serpent, and Miss Gray is much too loud.

or ALL the Edgar Wallaces Rehearse.

Record in the Production of a Talking Picture—By W. HOLT-WHITE

Edgar Wallace: Very well, I'll come. (*To Mrs. Edgar Wallace, who has just entered the studio briskly*): Hullo, darling!

Mrs. Edgar Wallace (*with amiable decision*): You mustn't be too long. You've got to go to Oxford.

Edgar Wallace (*startled*): What on earth for?

Mrs. Edgar Wallace (*referring to note-book*): You're lunching with the University and Town Authorities, and you've got to deliver an address.

Edgar Wallace: What on, darling?

Mrs. Edgar Wallace: Prohibition in America.

Edgar Wallace: Oh! Well, I'll think it out in the car. But I'll never do it and get back by three. Must be back at three—Niel's coming from town.

Mrs. Edgar Wallace (*with determination*): Of course you'll do it. Seventy minutes in the car there, lunch fifty minutes, address forty minutes, and seventy minutes coming back in the car. You'll do it, but you mustn't be in the projection room for more than ten minutes now.

Edgar Wallace (*with a more confident and cheerful resignation*): Right-oh! Come on, darlings.

(*Exeunt omnes to projection chamber.*)

ACT II

The Projection Chamber.

It is a small apartment. Edgar Wallace is seated surrounded by family, cast, and staff. A section from the film, showing a breakfast-table scene between an elderly man and his adopted daughter, is thrown upon the screen. The little room reverberates with voices from the film.

Mr. Bryan Wallace (*quickly*): Listen, dad, this is the bit. Hear old Lou hissing?

Edgar Wallace: That's nothing! We'll soon get that right. The quality of the photography is perfect.

Mr. Bryan Wallace: Lovely, but listen to the bit we're coming to now.

(*For a few feet of film Miss Ann Gray's voice is loudish. Projection ceases.*)

Edgar Wallace: That's only a few feet, the rest is fine. (*To Miss Gray banteringly*): Ann, you're a great actress! And you're a wonder! You came to us with a voice like a blackbeetle and now you blast us!

Mrs. Edgar Wallace (*crisply*): Cad! Don't listen to him, Ann—come along, it's time you were off to Oxford.

(*Exeunt omnes from projection room.*)

PLACING THE "MIKE": Mr. Wallace supervises at Beaconsfield the position of the important character in the creation of a talkie

DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, PLAYWRIGHT, AND SCENARIST: Mr. Edgar Wallace with Miss Ann Gray, Miss Trilby Clarke, and Mr. Percy Marmont at Beaconsfield

ACT III

The Studio. Floor set as previously

Mr. Eric Maturin having consulted a wrist-watch informs Miss Trilby Clarke and Miss Ann Gray that it is precisely three o'clock.

(*Enter Edgar Wallace and Mrs. Wallace. Mock applause from Miss Trilby Clarke and Miss Ann Gray.*)

Edgar Wallace (*beaming*): Well, I've done it, darlings!

Mrs. Wallace (*ironically*): We've done it, darlings!

Miss Trilby Clarke and Miss Ann Gray (*diminuendo*): Hooray!

Edgar Wallace: Cheers to you, darlings. Everybody here? Right. We'll have a vision test. Lights? Cameras! Good!

(*Seats himself as a Sultan of old on the stool in front of camera box. Assistant "Props" exhibits blackboard with sign*—The Squeaker, Act I, Scene III.)

Edgar Wallace: Ah! Let her rip. Now then, Trilby—seize him!

Miss Trilby Clarke (*seizing Mr. Eric Maturin by the lapels of his coat*): If you leave me for that girl I'll squeak to the police. I'll kill you! I'll etc., etc.

Mr. Eric Maturin: Crazy woman! Shut up. You'll have the house, etc., etc.

Edgar Wallace (*shouting at camera box*): How's that?

(*Muffled voice from camera box declares that Mr. Maturin has at one point moved beyond the vision of the camera.*)

Edgar Wallace: Get that, Eric? Come on, Trilby darling, have at him again!

Miss Trilby Clarke (*seizing Eric Maturin by the lapels of his coat*): If you leave me for that girl I'll squeak to the police. I'll etc., etc.

Eric Maturin: Crazy woman! Shut up! etc,, etc.

(*The patient rehearsal of the scene with both sound and vision tests proceeds good-humouredly for hours. Other scenes follow with brief respites for refreshment. It is now approaching midnight.*)

Mrs. Edgar Wallace (*with decision*): Time, please!

Edgar Wallace: Time, darling?

Mrs. Edgar Wallace: Certainly. You've got an appointment at the house with Hilary to settle the cast of *On the Spot*, and we must have some supper first.

Edgar Wallace: So we must. Well, we've had a great day. Everyone's been splendid, Trilby darling, you're just one thrill. Ann darling, you're wonderful. Thanks everybody—simply marvellous. Good-night everybody—good-night! I sound like the Broadcasting bloke. Where's my hat? Come on, Pat darling. See you all at ten in the morning.

(*Miss Trilby Clarke and Miss Ann Gray fall elaborately swooning into each other's arms.*

(*Exit Edgar Wallace and family for further nocturnal dramatic activities at Bourne End before resuming rehearsals at Beaconsfield in the morning.*)

Mr. Eric Maturin (*with feeling as he rubs his shoulder-blade*): Ten o'clock in the morning? By God!

Voice of Mrs. Edgar Wallace without: Hurry up!

MAN and the MACHINE

JAMES LAVER Discusses the Work of the Imaginative Forecasters of Humanity in the Grip of Mechanical Science

The increasing number of excellent translations is one of the most noteworthy aspects of recent book production. French translations especially used to be done in very shoddy fashion, and no one did more to raise the standard than Mr. C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. "— & *Co.*," by Jean-Richard Bloch (Gollancz. 8s. 6d. net), is his latest achievement, and should not be missed by anyone who cares for the best in Continental fiction. Bloch is very little known in this country, yet a play of his was produced by Antoine as long ago as 1910, and his more recent work has only increased his reputation among the best French judges. He is a Jew of Alsatian parentage and the present book is in part at least the study of the Jewish temperament and of that extraordinary family solidarity which is at once so narrowing and so irresistible. It is the story of a factory and of the clan which is its master and its slave, and of the attempt of one member of the clan to break away from its tyranny. But it is something more than that, it is a study of man (not only Jewish man) in his relation to modern industry, the nightmare world of wheels and chimneys which he has created for himself less by his conscious will than at the bidding of some interior force stronger than himself. Bloch has been compared with Balzac and he is like him at least in this, that money becomes one of the protagonists in his drama as it very often is in life. Bloch is a young man and may still have his *Comédie Humaine* before him.

THE SHADOW KING: *A study of Naundorff which forms the Frontispiece to Hans Roger Madol's book*

Mr. Louis Golding works on a much smaller canvas, but the problems he treats of in *Give up your Lovers* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net) are somewhat the same. At least they are the problems raised by the love of an individual Jew (of a rigidly orthodox family) for a girl brought up in a convent. The scenes in the convent are well drawn, but the most vivid and convincing part of the book is the elaborate description of a Jewish wedding.

Strange as such a world may seem, an even stranger one in some ways is evolved in *The Party Dress* by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf. 7s. 6d. net). Mr. Hergesheimer, who made a considerable reputation with *The Bright Shawl*, has produced no novels since *Tampico*, four years ago. The opening is particularly good, showing as it does the effect of a real Paris dress on a still passionate woman of forty. The scene is laid among what would, I suppose, be called the American upper classes, among people, that is, who live in the better part of a pleasant residential suburb and can afford an occasional 500 dollars for a dress. But what a world! The men and women spend all their leisure in the "Country Club." The drinking is tremendous. Women as well as men are drunk in public almost every night, and couples, even of the elderly and married, are forever dashing out to automobiles for a mouthful of gin and a little love-making—of all degrees of seriousness. No one has any morals at all. One man—the heroine's lover—has a code and kills himself in consequence.

The strange thing is that the heroine remains an attractive character, and the calm way in which she sees through her husband's clumsy attempts to conceal his infidelity is treated with considerable psychological insight. But the book presents a truly appalling picture of puritanism gone mad. The Ancients worshipped Venus and Bacchus with more dignity. These subterranean cults—brandy in coffee cups and lasses in automobiles — are irritatingly **ugly.**

ON HIS DEATH-BED: *Naundorff, the conjectural heir of the Bourbons, at Delft in 1845. A new volume has just appeared on that ever-fascinating topic the fate of the little son of Louis XVI of France. Did he survive the incarceration of the Temple and appear in later life as the watchmaker Naundorff, the extraordinary character who claimed to be Louis XVII? The present volume has been written by Hans Roger Madol, and was originally published in Liepzig a couple of years ago. This English edition has been published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. The author seeks to put the evidence without bias before the reader, but personally his belief appears to be that Naundorff really was the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. A ring emblazoned with the* fleur-de-lis *owned by Naundorff was used to seal the treaty with Germany after the tragedy of Sedan. Later this ring came into the possession of Clemenceau, "Père la Victoire," who used it to seal the Treaty of Versailles*

A Gallery of Women, by Theodore Dreiser (Constable. 10s. net) is another study of American womanhood. Most of the characters are girls fighting a solitary battle against a world of film producers, fake bohemians, Greenwich village æsthetes, and mere barbarians. Mr. Dreiser sculptures his characters with a hatchet, and his style is as restless as the life he describes. Perhaps for that very reason it is effective, for suavity would only be possible by the assumption of a cynical indifference which Mr. Dreiser certainly does not feel. Indeed the American Tragedy is his constant obsession, and his consciousness of it is the driving force of his art.

In striking contrast is a book about village life in Cornwall. *The Crochet Woman*, by Ruth Manning-Sanders, is a story of rural characters bound together by the malevolent activities of an old woman, half-busybody, half-witch, about whose person the authoress has succeeded in creating an eerie atmosphere without making her fantastic or incredible. There is a fairy-tale poetry about the writing which is very attractive.

"The bed's not made, the ashes not lifted, the cloam not washed, the floor not swept, the baby not tended, and the warming-pan with a face like the earthy grave."

It is the same rhythm as the children's story of "the little pig won't get home to-night." By which I do not mean that *The Crochet Woman* is mawkish.

Jennifer, the heroine of *The Years that Take the Best Away*, by Barbara Noble (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net), is an attractive figure. Her philosophy (or that of the authoress) is the one expressed by Wordsworth in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.* "In a few months, Jennifer thought, she would be twenty, and the best years of all would be over." There is a sense of course in which this is true. One must grow a carapace or be crushed, and one cannot go on for ever feeling the impact of life with the sensitiveness of youth. This sensitiveness Miss Noble knows how to portray with the right amount of delicacy. Her book is well worth reading.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney, in *Travellers' Rest* (Collins. 7s. 6d. net), casts a coarser net, and the smaller and more fragile organisms that swim in the human heart wriggle through and escape. Her book is the story of a woman's quest. She is an unworldly woman and the perfection she seeks escapes her. The authoress half hints at a sequel, probably in the country she has made her own, the downs above Brighton.

Ill Wind, by H. E. L. Mellersh (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net), has a very ghastly cover which belies the contents of the book. Those who are tired of the cosmic gloom of most war novels will find here a comparatively cheerful statement. The final reflections are perhaps a trifle superficial. "It was the job of the world to prevent the War from bringing that proverbial illest of winds which did in fact blow nobody any good. . . . But *would* the people learn? Would they learn that a better world could indeed be made, and learn too how to make it?"

After so many war books from the infantry it is fitting that the heavy artillery should have its turn. *Behind the Barrage*, by Francis A. Winder (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net), is a story of life in a Regular Army battery, and the tale is sufficiently well told. The hero has less horrors and more adventures to recount than his comrades in the trenches, and if some of the adventures take the reader into the more lurid haunts of pleasure "behind the line"—that also was a part of the Great War.

Nothing is so typical of a nation as its sense of humour. *The Good Soldier Schweik*, by Jaroslav Hasek (Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net) is the Czech funny book of the war. The hero is what we should call a champion scrounger and lead-swinger. Schweik can hardly be said to have been at the war at all, so much time did he waste getting there via hospitals and detention camps. Perhaps only one of the now revolted fragments of the old Austrian Empire should have produced this book, for lead-swinging is not funny when it is directed against one's own nation. But Schweik's escapades take on almost an heroic colour when they are seen as protests against service in the Austrian Army. The book is extremely amusing in parts, once the necessary effort of adjustment is made. But I can imagine an Austrian of conservative sympathies sweeping tears of blood over the whole thing.

Next to humour, perhaps, religion is typical of a race. *The Green Pastures*, by Marc Conelly (Gollancz. 6s. net) portrays with poignant vividness the "God-consciousness" of the negro. It has pathos, humour, a superficial profanity, a deep reverence and a sense of real mystery underlying them all. It is a play that may well offend those more royalist than the King and more devout than the Bible, but this children's tale of the Old Testament is a piece of sincere and convincing art. The last few lines are superb.

On left — THE PRIZE-WINNER: *Miss Margaret Irwin, whose "None So Pretty" has been awarded the first prize in the Chatto & Windus Historical Novel Competition*

briefly commended

The Woman Yonder, by *Barbara Hebworth.* **(Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The deft and courageous handling of a theme worth the treating. The clash between Edwardian husband and neo-Georgian wife. Materialism cloaked in ideality vying with idealism in terms of matter. But definitely a a novel, not a tract.

Children of Glamour, by *Elisabeth Cobb-Chapman.* **(Selwyn & Blount. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The three members of the family of a singularly self-centred woman who used her children as a foil and discarded them like gloves. But foils have a habit of shedding their buttons and gloves may fit hands other than the first wearers.

The Finger of Fate, and other stories, by *"Sapper."* **(Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The author of numberless short stories and some of the gayest "blood-and-thunders" in the language, gives us a volume of excellent fare. The favourite *motif* of the waster who makes good reaches, perhaps, its apex in "Fer de Lance"—a little gem.

The Blue Pool, by *"Valentine."* **(Ward Lock. 3s. 6d. net.)**—A jack-of-all-trades, Terence by name, whose crop of wild oats was world-wide. Beauty in distress appears from a motor-car. Ensues a joyous romance more or less according to plan.

The Mammon of Unrighteousness, by *P. C. Wren.* **(John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)**—No longer the grilling sun of Africa nor the torrid heat of India, but a mystery story laid in England. The hero is an officer on leave from the King's African Rifles. Unlike most mystery tales, the ending is not conventionally a happy one. But a very good one.

The Marriage Lines, by *J. S. Fletcher.* **(Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)**—Mr. Fletcher's stories of low life are much more convincing than his essays in aristocracy, and he has written in this mysterious romance a fine romantic mystery of village life. The realism is extremely vivid; the psychology convincing.

The SURVEY of The Sphere

Germany's New Cruiser and Sluice Gates : Spain's Devotion : Italy's Fervent Patriotism : Malta's Ubiquitous Boats

GERMANY'S GREYHOUND CRUISER : An aerial view of the after portion of the new light cruiser Köln *(Cologne). The lines are very obviously designed for speed. A feature of interest is to be found in the two 15-in. triple turrets*

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE : A "Nazarene" of the brotherhood of the Gipsy Monks, after accompanying the procession for many hours, rests his weary bones in a tavern doorway, where he will be regaled with a glass of sherry

ENCOURAGING ITALY'S LATEST ENDEAVOUR : Signor Mussolini, with his son Bruno, watches the International football match with Hungary. Next to Il Duce is the Under Secretary for War

GERMANY'S GREATEST SEA CANAL : On one of the lakes at the mouth of the Weser Germany's greatest sluice has been created. It is destined to admit of such gigantic vessels as the Bremen *and the* Europa *gaining access to the basin of the port of Bremen. The work was begun with 1,000 workmen in 1927, and the sluice will be declared open (barring bad accidents) to traffic in the autumn of 1931*

GONDOLAS OF THE NAVY : Dhaisas are carried by the units of the Mediterranean Fleet when cruising to different ports. The dhaisa men are Maltese, and are temporarily clothed in naval uniform. The boats are used to get ashore when the big ships are anchored ; they are built on the lines of the earliest war vessels, as may be seen by the relic of the Rostrum

RUSSIA'S

A Great Effort

into Railw

THE TRANSPORT OF THE PAST: A laden caravan traversing sand-dune country in the area which will presently be crossed by the Turksib Railway. The dunes here are of no great height. The effects of wind-scour are well illustrated in the immediate foreground

These pictures show the new railway under construction, and are here reproduced for the first time in the British Isles

CONSTRUCTING THE PERMANENT WAY: A gang of mix Russian and Turkoman platelayers at work. The sleepers are Siber pine-logs, and need little ballasting when once silted up with universal sand. It is not until the sand smothers the rails that trou begins. The overcoming of the sand menace is one of the m problems of this as well as of all other desert railways

It is not so long ago that we were able to trace in these pages the slow, logical, and inevitable steps by which the Imperialistic policy of Peter the Great carried the borders of Russia from the Urals to the China Seas and the Himalayas. Commencing 200 years ago, the expansion which he designed was made necessary by the fact that the wandering tribes with which the advance came into contact, and which, being based on no territorial limits, could not be overtaken and punished, were the worst possible neighbours. For the safety of even the semi-civilized Russia of those days, the progressive and permanent occupation of their territory was imperative. The garrisons for the occupation of these lands, near and distant, were linked with Russia less by roads than by the lack of obstacles on the open steppes; and for generations this primitive means of communication sufficed. But as the leisurely methods of the eighteenth century ceased to meet the necessities, first roads and, as the nineteenth century progressed, railways were demanded by the increasing complication of administering and garrisoning the new territories. With unlimited resources, the labour of a semi-slave population, and an almost complete absence of physical obstacles, those who designed the communications of Russia's new Asiatic Empire planned boldly.

THE BACKBONE IN THE HERRING

Nothing but a large-scale map will impress on the reader the titanic achievement of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which not only links from West to East Russia's conquests across the breadth of Asia, but which is to-day assuming the rôle of the backbone in a herring. It is beginning to subtend innumerable subsidiary branches which, radiating north and south of the main axis, are rapidly covering Inner Asia with a skeleton of railroads. Time was when Russia was content with two main rail systems — the Trans-Siberian Railway pure and simple, which joined Moscow in an almost undeviating straight line to distant Vladivostock; and the Trans-Caspian Railway which, thanks largely to the constructive military genius of Skobeleff, consolidated his conquests in the Khanates of Turkestan and brought Russia to the gates of India. Between these two systems lay immeasurable tracts of desert, semi-desert, and steppe country either entirely devoid of life or at best peopled with nomad pastoral tribes of little economic or political importance. Turkestan itself, if we except such ancient oases as Merv, Bokhara, and Samarkand, could boast little but the tent-dwellers who, lacking pride of race, economic interdependence, or military importance, drew a hand-to-mouth livelihood from their flocks and herds.

ROMAN (RAIL)ROADS

Now, somewhere in the background of Russia's administration and very much lost to the eye or ear of a Europe overpreoccupied with the effects of Bolshevik world propaganda, there lies a Department which, with the single interruption of the past War years, has worked on a steady and purposeful Asiatic policy ever since the days of Peter the Great. Whether Tsarist or Soviet, the policy has worked on the same principles all through. Penetrate, subjugate, consolidate, expand, and exploit. Very constructive. In principle and in effect quite unassailable. It works on the best Imperialistic traditions and, in the benefits which it secures for itself no less than in those which it offers, has nothing to learn from the empires of the past or of the present. See, now, how history repeats itself through the ages. Where Rome cried "Festina lente," built military roads, and carried the Eagles over comparatively minor distances, Russia, with far vaster areas to cover, lays a railway. Three weeks of full daily military stages would have carried a cohort or a legion from the Imperial City to the frontier outposts on the Danube. The same three weeks will to-day transport a battalion from Moscow to Vladivostock. Ten marching days would have carried a *quastor* from Ariminium to the Alpine frontier of Gaul. The same ten days will bring a field battery and all its horses from Novgorod to Termez on the Afghan border. In the old and the new methods of covering Imperial distances Rome and Russia are, *mutatis mutandis*, exactly proportionate.

TO MAKE THE DESERT TO BLOOM

To what extent Russia holds by her railways, and to what lengths she will go to secure her railway policy from outside interference we have had recent proof in Northern Manchuria. But comparatively recently the inherited Tsarist development of Asia has taken on a new aspect; and this falls into two separate and well-marked compartments. Consider firstly, Turkestan, and the Trans-Caspian Railway, a system, as the map will show, quite separate from the Trans-Siberian. Turkestan, a land of immense agricultural possibilities and, outside the limits of its town oases, peopled exclusively by nomads, was under the Tsarist regime composed of four main Khanates or principalities. The Soviets "suppressed" the Khans and instituted in their place republics of a sort, coterminous with arbitrary racial divisions. The consolidation of these new so-called autonomous but in reality strictly dominated states has been one of New Russia's pet projects. There are many aspects of the matter; not the least important, from our point of view, being the carefully planned interference with, and the inevitable eventual absorption of, adjacent Afghanistan. But, neglecting the matter of threatened India, the immediate preoccupation of the Soviets has been to consolidate and to circumscribe the movements of the nomad peoples of these regions. With the rich soil of the broad oases crying out for development, and a pastoral folk knowing nothing about, and caring less for, the plough, potential riches are lying stagnant.

CLAMOURING FOR TIMBER

Wide schemes of irrigation, cultivation, and the gathering in of the wandering population are afoot. The cultivation of wheat and cotton, the two staple products, is being intensified. There is hardly any foreseeable limit to the possible expansion. It will be remembered that even under the old hit-or-miss Tsarist methods exportable cotton to the vast total of half a million tons accumulated in Turkestan during the first three years of the War for lack of rolling stock to carry it away; and it was to prevent this same cotton from falling into the hands of the Germans after the Treaty of Brest Litovsk

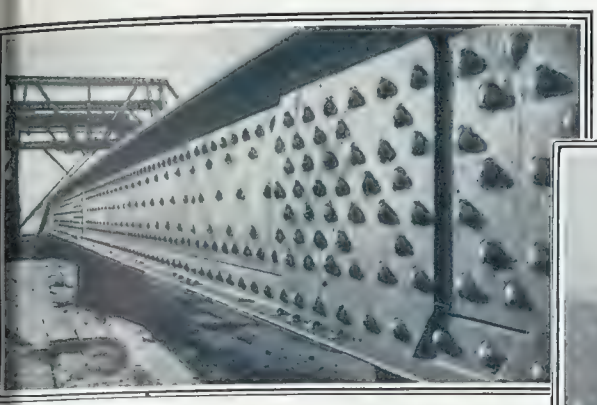
A TERMINUS OF THE LINK: A general view of Semipolatinsk whence the newly constructed Turksib Railway will run to Merk to join the Trans-Siberian Trunk Line with the Trans-Caspian Railway

CROSSING THE IRTISH: This river, rising in the Thian Shan, is the only considerable body of water to be negotiated by the new railway between its present terminus and its destination in Turkestan. All else is open desert, which, though many hundreds of miles from the sea, averages only about 1,000 ft. above sea-level

NEW LINK RAILWAY.

which the New Usbekistan "Republics" are brought Touch with the Trans-Siberian Trunk Route

that we sent our "Dunsterforce" from Bagdad to the Caspian to block the railway by which it would have come to Europe. For the full development of these agricultural possibilities it will be necessary to gather in the tent-dwellers to the areas where irrigation is possible; to turn them from wanderers of the steppes into peasants; to replace their felt *yúrts* with permanent housing. In addition Soviet schemes for the consolidation of the Khanate Republics have, apart from other reasons sufficiently obvious, postulated an immense increase in the Turkestan army of occupation. Tashkent is rapidly becoming the Aldershot of this area, while the military and air force garrisons radiating outwards from the centre tend increasingly to turn Central Asia into one vast camp. And these, no less than the nomads, need permanent buildings. But most unfortunately for any schemes of concentrating either garrisons or nomads, and for the consequent cantonment and town-planning projects, Turkestan is practically a treeless country. Houses, whether of cut stone or of bricks burnt with the sparse fuel of the larger oases, have until to-day been the privilege of the wealthy. Planks, joists, beams or ties — the land clamours for timber.



A NOTABLE SPAN: A detail of girder-work of the bridge which, under contract with a German firm, is being built to span the River Irtish, near Semipolatinsk, in Western Siberia

"STEAM NAVVIES": These are used in excavating the permanent way through the outcrops of friable gneiss-rock common in the shaly soil of the desert near Semipolatinsk. A machine of this kind is far beyond the capacity of the local Turkoman, and is worked by the German engineers who hold the contract for the new line

SOON TO BE REPLACED: A prosperous Kirghiz of Semipolatinsk mounted on the type of transport soon to be replaced by the Turksib Railway

PRO BONO SIBERIA

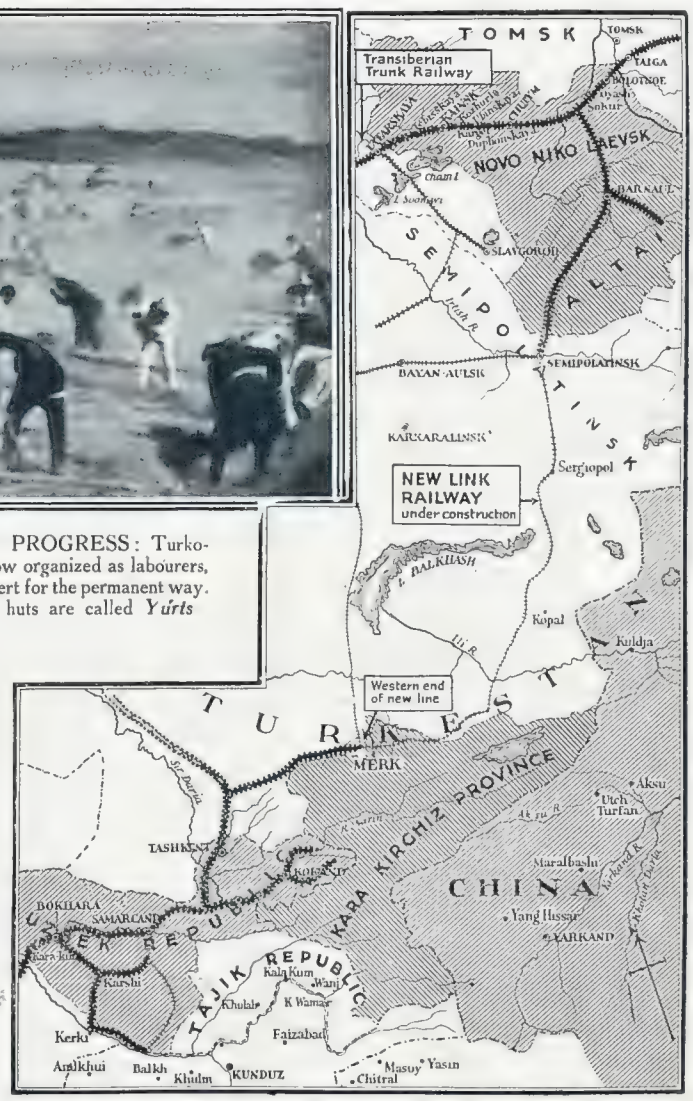
Now, to those who sit in Moscow, planning widely and, by any standard, wisely, it must have come as a tantalizing thought that here, on the one hand, was Turkestan overflowing with grain and cotton, yet lacking timber; while, on the other hand, Siberia, dense in forests, could barely feed itself and, during the most inconsiderable summer, could absorb large quantities of cotton goods. Could the vast intervening steppes be spanned, and the badly needed commodities be placed where each would do most good? The answer lies in the railway which, under the guidance of German engineers, has now covered one half of the thousand kilometres of desert which separate Turkestan from the Trans-Siberian railway to the north. When opened for traffic in 1931, this Turksib railway will render obsolete the sparse camel caravans which, trudging toilsomely through the sand, have done so lamentably little to cancel out bursting supply and crying demand. Turn once more to Siberia. Another ambitious and by no means reprehensible Russian plan has been the organization and close settlement of the mobile hordes of Mongolia. These, lying east and south of Lake Baikal, have for centuries been accustomed to draw the less primitive necessities of life from adjacent China. With China in a condition of chaos, with predatory armies commandeering not only every scrap of discoverable foodstuffs but also the means of transporting them, all overland trade between the two countries has come to a sudden and emphatic stop. Siberia is thrown on its own resources, and clamours for grain; this same Siberia which, under the Tsars, was potentially one of the granaries of the world, but which under the tyrannous Soviet system now produces next to nothing. Grain it must have; and grain in illimitable quantities it will presently receive from the richness of Central Asia. Grain and cotton as well in bales past counting.

What will happen, well within our lifetime, when the consolidated and industrialized nomad millions of Asia have acquired the *hubris* of civilization and turn on their Soviet masters? That is a question only to be answered to-morrow.

"MAUSER"

AN CARAVAN CAUGHT IN A DESERT TORM: The confusion to the traveller which eate is indescribable. The sand not only fills the inging hail, but drives upwards from the curves the dunes, and seems to add to the semi-darkness rplexity caused by blowing all ways at once

THE ARMY OF PROGRESS: Turkoman nomads, now organized as labourers, levelling the desert for the permanent way. The circular huts are called *Yurts*

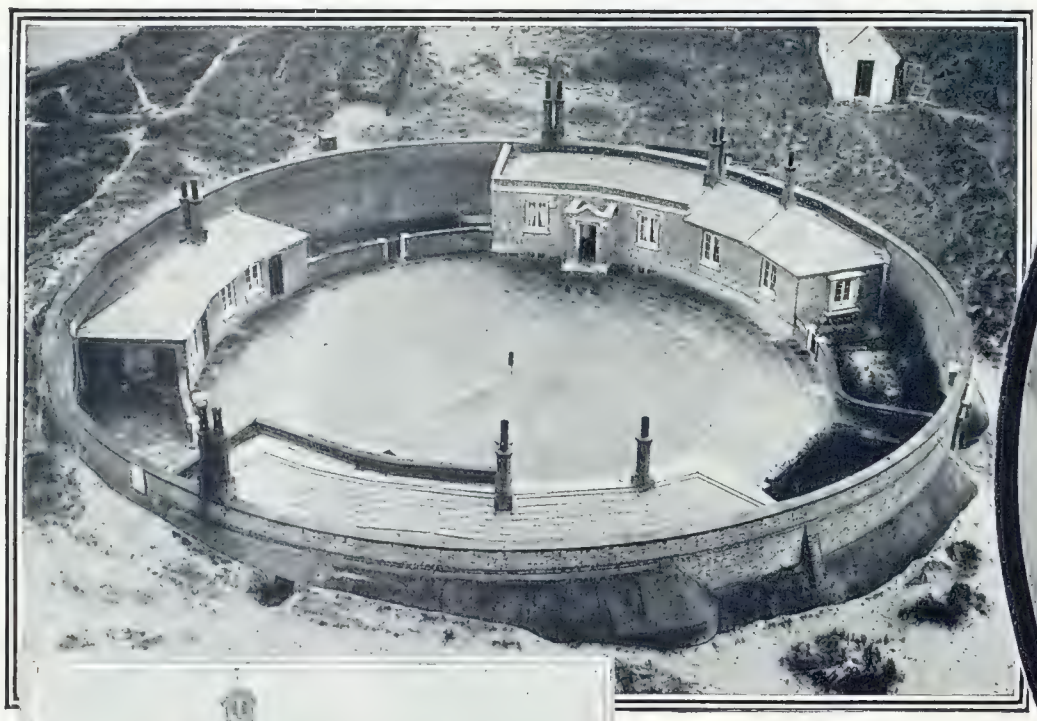


THE TURKSIB RAILWAY: The gigantic enterprise discussed in the accompanying article. The heavy black railway above is the great Trans-Siberian line; that below is the Trans-Caspian line. The Turksib link line will join the two, with termini at Semipolatinsk and Merk

ENGLAND'S Green and Pleasant LAND.

Facets of the Life of the Provinces

CHICKS BY THE DRAWER-FUL: A commonplace scene at a farm at St. Mary Cray, Kent, belonging to W. Cook and Sons. 7,000 eggs are collected daily and 60,000 chickens are hatched every three weeks. They are sent by air all over Britain and the Continent



A LIGHTHOUSE COLONY: The lower portion of the old lighthouse at Spurn Head has been left standing, and houses for lighthouse-keepers built inside

CROMWELL'S SACRED STABLE: The parish church of Upton-on-Severn, Worcs, is being demolished—except for the twelfth-century tower—to facilitate road-widening developments now in progress. Before the Battle of Worcester (1651) Cromwell stabled his horse in the church

A RECORD LITTER: An ewe, the property of Mr. J. Robinson of Gibbon Green Farm, Ramsbottom, Lancs, gave birth to five lambs, all of which are doing well. One lamb is usual, and "twins" are not infrequently known. Inset above—FOUR SCORE YEARS AND TEN: Mr. T. Smith, at the age of ninety, still works with the osier-growers on Severn bank near Tewkesbury. He is seen above with eel traps he made himself

AN APRIL DAY IN NIPPON.

TOKIO—PHŒNIX OF CITIES: The celebration of the completion of the reconstruction of Tokio reached its climax when the Mikado read his message to the citizens from the Imperial Palace. A propaganda procession for the promotion of public morality in Guiza Street is seen above

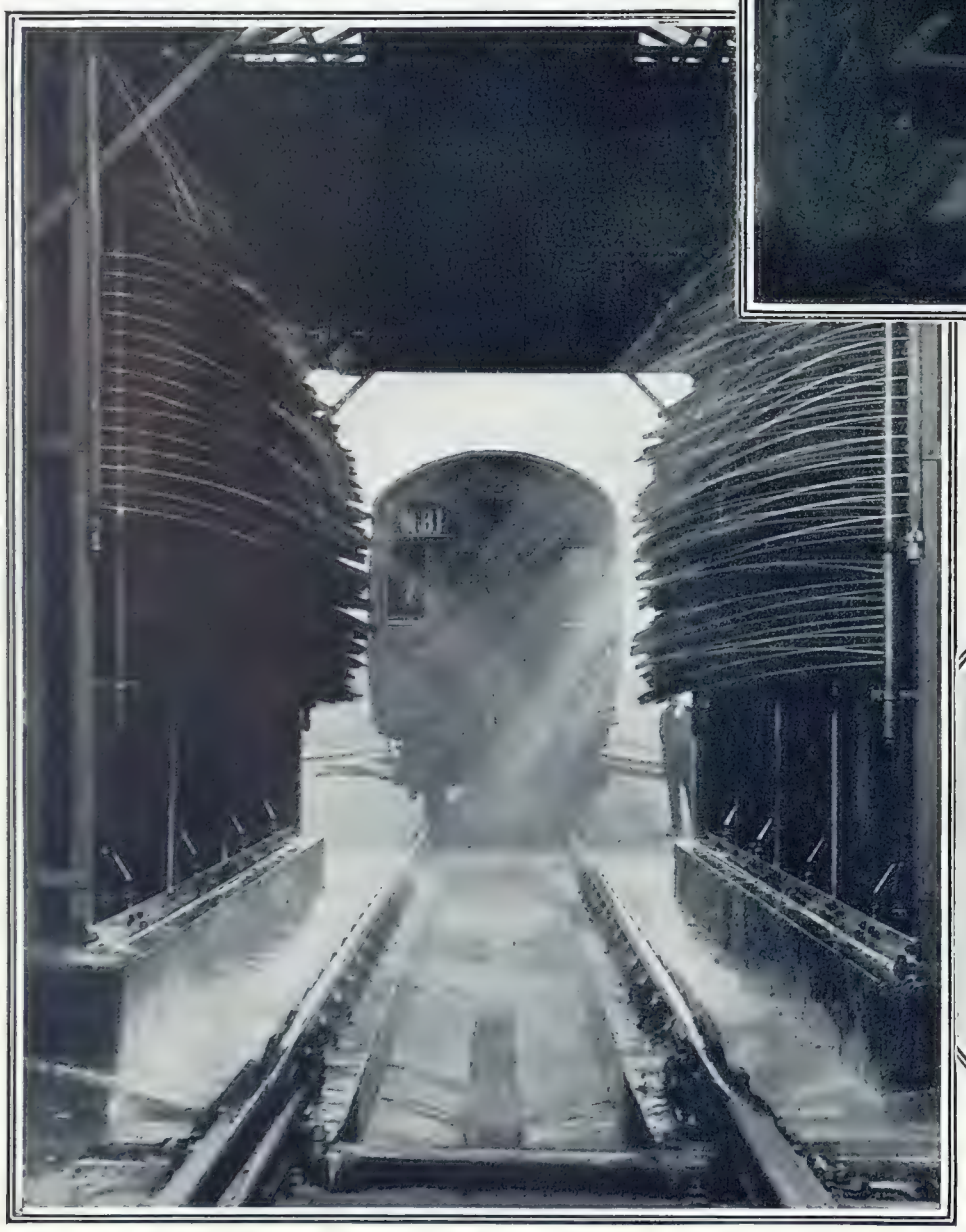
Tokio, the phoenix of cities, which has arisen from the ashes of earthquake, has much to teach, has much to learn, from the West. Though modern in many ways, the rickshaw still is a popular method of transport, although motor-cars are prevalent in the capital. Japanese umbrellas jostle the sturdier but less decorative European gamp during the occasionally torrential rain. The light standards of the new city are superior in artistic design to anything London can show. The light is diffused from the central disc

Science at Work.

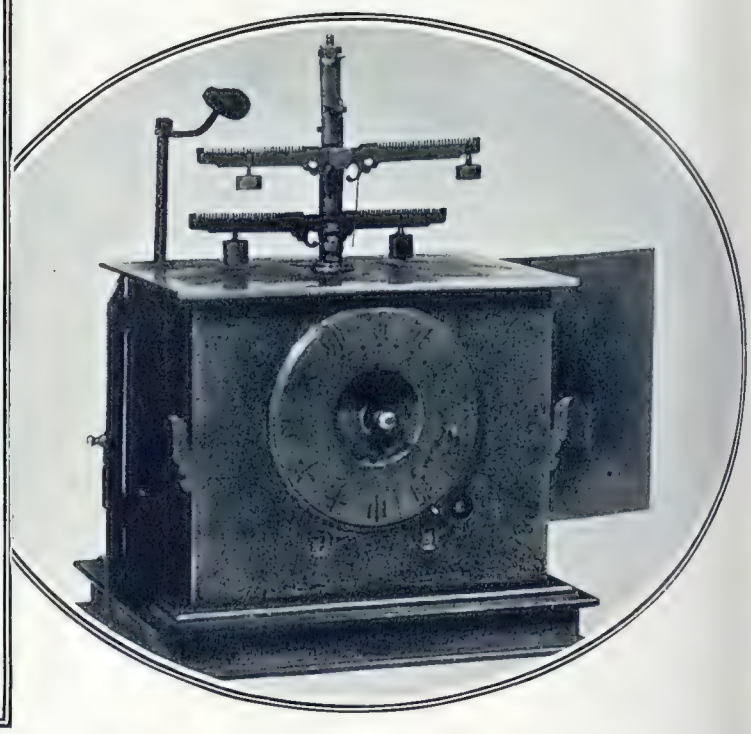
A New Ship on the Stocks: An Old Chinese Clock: Talkie and Railway Developments

DISPLACING 50,000 TONS: S.S. "Atlantique," constructed at Saint-Nazaire for the Compagnie Sud-Atlantique's Bordeaux–South America service. This fast ship will make her maiden trip next month

BOXING THE CAMERA ONLY: M. Maurice Chevalier inspecting the latest "talkie" camera in Hollywood. Hitherto the camera and its operators were encased in a sound-proof booth, but now the camera is portable. The whirr of the mechanism is insulated from the microphone



A RAILWAY BEAUTY PARLOUR: The new device installed by the L.N.E.R. at Marylebone Station. Rolling stock is shunted into the "parlour" and receives a thorough cleansing by automatic brushes and powerful jets of water. This eliminates all manual labour



A MOVING DIAL AND STATIONARY HANDS: A Chinese clock of the XIV century owned by Mr. W. Harris, Rumford Street, Liverpool. Heraldic characters replace the figures and the dial rotates round the hands

MOSCOW

An intimate Impression of a Visit to the One Tsarist institution which has survived without the break of a single performance through both Revolutions to the Present Day

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

(Who has just returned from a visit to the Soviet capital)

Revisiting Moscow this spring the ballet was one of the things most to be looked forward to. I shall never forget my first evening in Moscow two years ago. We were met at the station with the news that tickets for the ballet had been taken for that very evening.

Thus we had not accustomed our eyes to the strange sights and sounds of the streets when we were plunged into the still stranger world of the theatre.

I wondered as I set off on this second visit whether ballet or audience would have changed, but they had not. Everything was the same. The Bolshoi Theatre stands on one side of a big square, its enormous white portico cream-coloured against the snow, its quarriga a decorous gesticulation.

A few motor-cars slide under the portico when the time comes for the performance to begin, and an isvoschick or two whisks his little sledge up to the steps. But the bulk of the audience comes on foot. By a quarter-to-seven a black tide of people is making up the steps. Inside in the *vestieres* there follows an unrehearsed scene of the most varied acrobatics as a dense crowd of people hop about pulling off snow-boots and goloshes and shouldering out of their big sheepskin or padded coats. It is not customary to enter a Russian theatre in outdoor clothes. Hats, caps, scarves, everything must be left behind.

The ballet audiences differ from the theatre audiences in the inclusion of a large proportion of the eminent and the young. There are always a great many school-boys and girls at the ballet, besides innumerable smaller children —indeed, look at some sections of the audience and you might be going to witness *Peter Pan*, while discreetly avoiding recognition or affably courting it there is always a sprinkling of commisars-generals, presidents of trade unions, and so forth.

Of the latter class those whom I number among my Moscow acquaintances are all of the hard-working type who bring home a pile of papers every evening. But they all take an evening at the ballet from time to time, usually going with their whole families.

A Russian commisar, or trades union president, feels justified in taking time off for the ballet very much as an English statesman feels justified in taking time off for a race-meeting. There will, too, be a dozen nationalities represented in the audience, Caucasian men with rows of ornamental cartridges and fierce moustachios, women from Turkestan who are doubtfully unveiling their faces, squat Siberians from the Chinese border. But these people only account for a few places.

Predominantly Workers

When the great amphitheatre of the Bolshoi Theatre opens before you and you walk up the slope to the parterre, it is the workers of Moscow whose faces rise tier above tier above you and crowd the boxes and the balconies and move like a harvest field on the immense plain of the parterre.

There are bobbed-haired young women from the textile factories or the shops where they manufacture aluminium goods. There are men from the railwaymen's trades union, there are office workers from the central offices of the Supreme Economic Council, from the co-operative headquarters, from the two big publishing establishments. There are teachers, there are workers from the confectionery factories and the grain restaurants and canteens, there are members of the servants' trades union, there are boys and girls who have got tickets through their pioneer troops (organized on the lines of boy scouts and girl guides), and finally there is always a sprinkling of men in the uniform of the Red Army.

The seating is arranged very simply. A certain number of tickets are, I understand, distributed to each trades union or similar organizations which subscribe to the theatre; these can be bought at something under half price by the members in rotation. The Red Army subscribes for a good share of tickets in most cinemas and theatres. For the Soviets pursue a very definite policy in regard to the Red Army. The time during which he is doing his military service is considered as the time when there is a chance to educate the young peasant from the remote village.

Exterior of the Moscow Opera House, with modern newspaper advertisement in foreground

Therefore all the time he is in the army the young peasant is being taught and "civilized" intensively. Part of his education is to go to the ballet and to concerts and theatres.

Their military service time often has an extraordinary effect on these young men. Sometimes of course they remain stolid all through, sometimes they get swelled head, but sometimes the result is an extraordinary mental flowering, and Gosisdat, for instance, getting all kinds of books (of most various quality, naturally), which have been thrown off in a white heat under the pressure of the new experience.

The Audience Sits in Rapt Attention

So it was two years ago, so it is now. Tickets for the ballet do not come round so often to any individual among the two million inhabitants of Moscow as to be taken as a matter of course, and almost every Russian is more or less a judge of dancing. Therefore when the curtain goes up there is not a sound. In the light from the stage the faces gleam in fixed attention. Nobody moves, nobody stirs, there is no fidgeting.

Till I went to Moscow my only idea of ballet was either the dancing of Niginsky Pavlova, Karsavina, or that of M. Diagileff's troupe in one of its many phases. Therefore it is with these artists that I am obliged to compare the Moscow *corps de ballet* and such choreographers, individual performers as Geltza, Abramova Messerer, and Victorina Kriega. I have, alas, no technical knowledge of dancing, but it is not necessary to be in any way specially equipped to come to certain broad conclusions about the Moscow Ballet. Putting it broadly, I think that the individual performers are as good as the artists we have seen in London and Paris, but no better. The *corps de ballet* is, however, beyond compare better if only because so much more numerous, and the massed effects of the 150 performers who troop and manœuvre on the enormous stage is dazzling and magnificent in the extreme.

The choreography and *décor* is and has been in most cases much less modern, and the *décor* at any rate much more naïve in Moscow than was M. Diagileff's. Only in one Act of one ballet that I have seen or heard of in Moscow was modernity allowed to intrude itself. *Krassni Mak*, or *The Red Poppy*, was the exception. In the First Act of this ballet the side of a huge steamer takes up the entire back of the stage, and the choreographic motive, which is repeated all through the Act, is the unloading of the steamer by Chinese coolies. This ballet has been immensely successful. I saw it two years ago, and was urged to see it this time by people who still considered it the best.

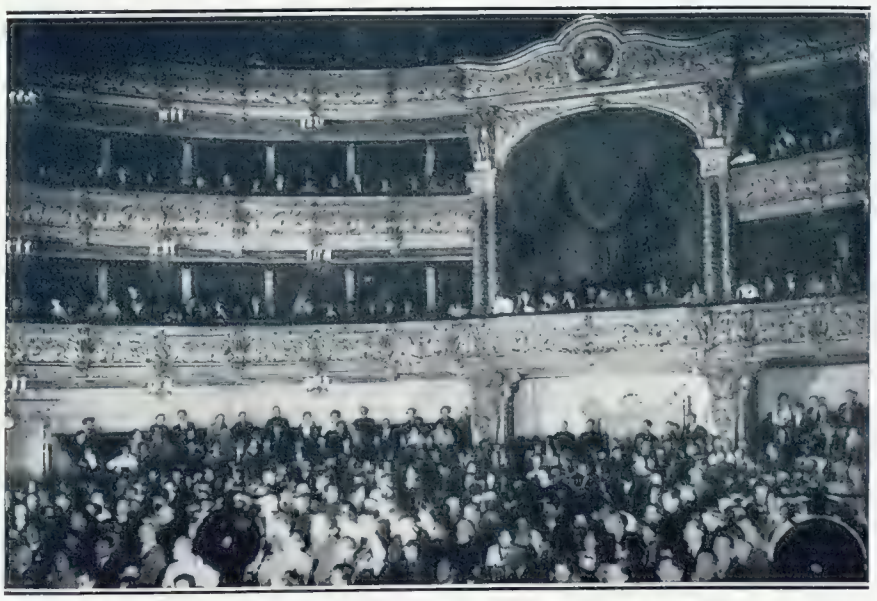
The Young People's Chance

But good as *Krassni Mak* undoubtedly is, it is high time that it should not stand alone. And I am glad to say that it has a successor, and perhaps a supplanter in the popular estimation. For while it is all very well to take your ballet seriously, and a grand thing to keep up the highest polish of technical accomplishment in classical ballet dancing all through a Revolution, yet it was high time that the young people had a chance.

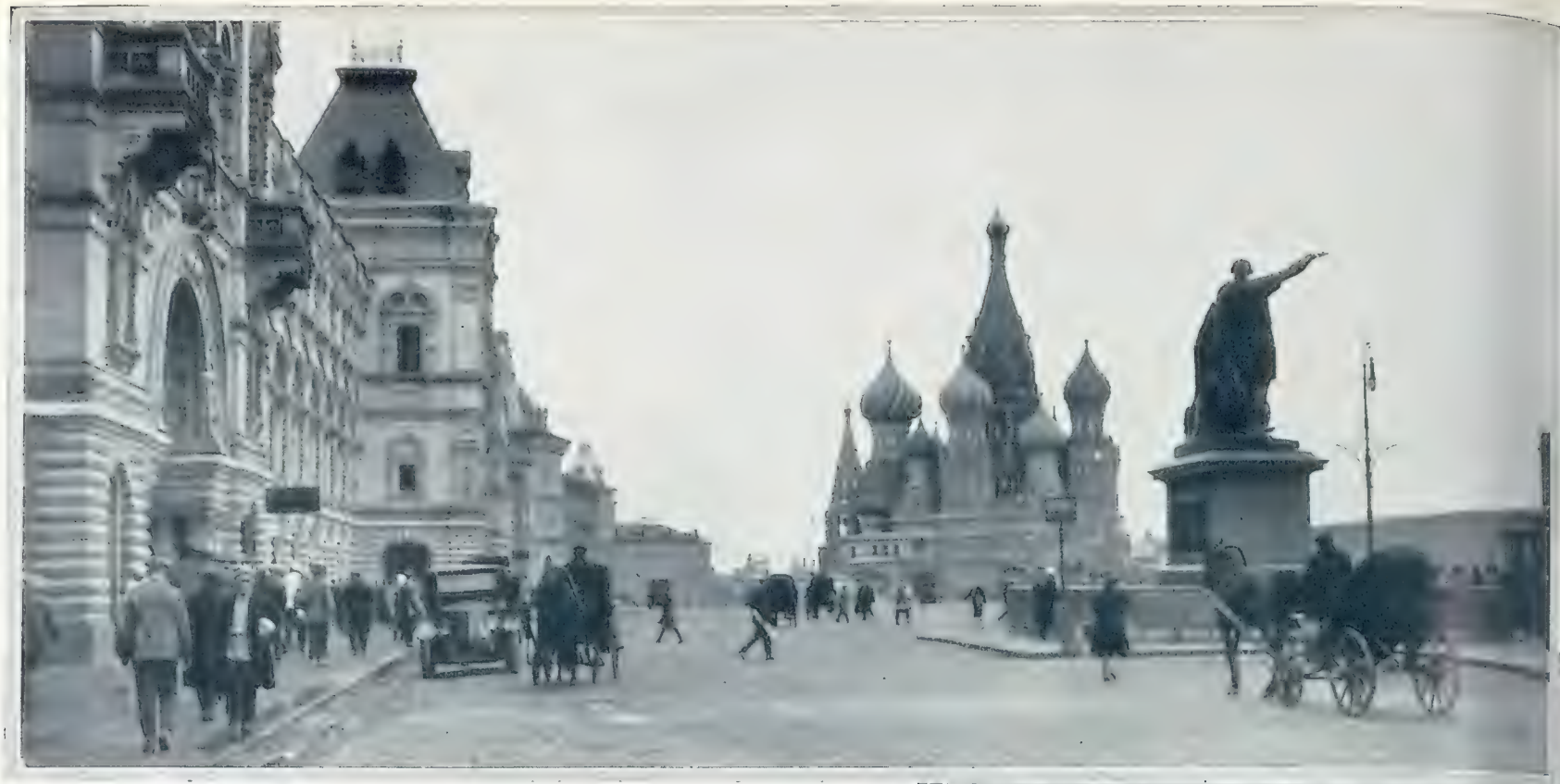
People connected with the ballet seem agreed that the present crop of young dancers is exceptionally talented, and they have at last been let loose to see what they can do.

The result is *Footballist*—a long ballet about modern sport, three Acts of it, all the resources of the theatre put behind it, and the accomplished and exquisite Abramova to dance the principal part.

Alas, I was not there for the first night. It was a historic occasion. If *Footballist* has been a success the young element will be allowed to try again. Though I hope we shall still find plenty of swan lakes, white tulle ballet skirts, tip-toes, crossed wrists, tightly-bound hair, and little white bodices garnished with moss roses, yet still I hope that the surging modern life of Russia may be allowed to express itself on that stage. I had a long talk with Mr. Moysief, the twenty-five-year-old director of *Footballist*. I mixed for a moment or two with the exquisite young people behind that enormous stage, I felt that they had something to say, that they were bursting with the joy of a new world, and that they ought to be allowed to express it.



Anyone can sit in the hitherto Royal Box at the Opera House at Moscow, the interior of which is seen above



A RELIC OF OLD RUSSIA EVEN IN THE HUB OF SOVIETDOM: Red Square — the Champ de Mars of the Muscovite capital — with the Asiastic Basilius Cathedral in the background. Modern transport has not yet entirely displaced the droschky *of tradition*

"PIONEERS—O PIONEERS!": Young Communists who, on Lenin's birthday, inaugurated a campaign to compute the number of illiterates in the Cherkizovo region

MOSCOW

It is proving difficult to educate many millions of the older generation of Russian women to their new and perhaps only partially understood and luke-warmly welcomed freedom. They would be lost without the chafing of their yoke. But a new generation is growing up, girls just getting to voting age, to whom this present Russia is the only Russia. If they remember the War and the October Revolution it is only as a vague dream. They are taught as tots, these girls to-day, to have a pride in the equality of their sex. Brothers are neither inferior nor superior beings. Girls are taking part in games, literally hundreds of thousands of them. This is the more remarkable when it is considered that organized athletics were rare even for Russian men a decade and a half ago. In swimming, on the track, on the rifle range, and in other departments of sport the erstwhile

THE SAINT OF THE SOVIET: The imposing mausoleum

"weaker" sex are even competing against their brothers, and occasiona
scoring victories. Russia is planning to be strongly represented in wome
events on the next Olympic programme. London and New York have th
policewomen. Moscow has also its squads of policewomen. They are stur
but comely. There are several qualified women pilots in the Russian A
Force. In fact the equality of rights even extends, since last August, to t
Army. The demand of the Slav feminists for equal rights in military servi

LIFE IN MOSCOW: *Russia's Old-New Capital*

Military Pomp has not Totally Vanished from the City of the Kremlin with the Romanoffs, but Women Share in Many More Activities of Life under the Soviet than was the Case under the Tsars

BEFORE THE KREMLIN WALLS: *The greatest military spectacle in Russia since the fall of the Empire was the recent Jubilee celebration of the Red Army. Units, some of them feminine, from many parts of the heterogeneous conglomeration of autonomous States took part in the parade. Ever and anon such a vision of military splendour appears in old Moscow*

re lie the remains of Lenin—the man par excellence *who created a new World State, a new philosophy of government, the "new faiths" of atheism and propaganda*

was then partially granted, and is expected later to be extended. The chief difference at present is that military training for women is not compulsory. But early last August it was announced that a limited number of women would be admitted to technical military schools. It was specified in the official announcement that such women would be subject to exactly the same military discipline as men. In all branches of activity women are, by law, granted a long, free period, with pay before and after child-birth. The Russian maternity protection laws in industry are more extensive and more generous than those of any other country. Women now in the ranks have not even separate quarters, and most of them enlisted in disguise. Women are now granted an equal opportunity for education, higher as well as lower, technical as well as cultural. In Moscow thousands of young students marry before graduation, some of them several years before. Divorces are easy to procure, but this liberty does not seem to have engendered license.—V. McK.

LENINGRAD

Another side of the Russian Picture as it is being painted by the Soviet Rulers. The spirit of old St. Petersburg still resists modernization

LENINGRAD.

While Russia's vital decisions are made in Moscow, and startling diplomatic notes are issued from the Kremlin, there languishes in the mists of the Neva an old haunt of power. St. Petersburg, its name changed to Leningrad, stripped of its authority, is abandoned to the gods who deal with the great that fall. And a strange fate has been meted out to this once glorious capital.

Dead as a city of the Tsars and not yet come fully to life as a wholehearted Communist metropolis, it lingers in a damp purgatory crowded with bizarre souls matched in a constant conflict between the old and the new, the past shadowing the present and colouring every phase of life. The ascetic enthusiasts of Communism have put the form of their faith into operation, but in their attempt to make its spirit live they strike a redoubtable barrier in the bulging old city and its hosts of men and women who think and dream in the terms of a vanished day. So, though 1930 sees the former imperial capital dancing clumsily to the fiery tempo of the Reds, the ardour of the new music is always a trifle twisted by the phlegmatic ghost of old St. Petersburg that will not down.

I sat one rainy afternoon with an old resident of Leningrad in his littered apartment of one vast room on the top floor of a mansion that before the Revolution had been an embassy of a foreign Power and is now an apartment house with communal kitchens in its marble halls. We looked out upon Millionaya Street. Across the way was the crumbling home of Pushkin. Marching down the thoroughfare in the downpour, a column of boys and girls, young Communists from the provinces, were on their way to the end of the street to view the art treasures of the Hermitage. They were singing a wild, stirring song, an exultant, almost savage song, as they swung in practised step through the avenue that had been the abode of royalty. The old man was talking of other days.

"Singing children," he said, "can never change St. Petersburg. They can never possess it completely. It belongs to us real Russians. We will never give it up."

His eyes were flashing. He looked about him. There were rosewood cabinets in his room, rickety gilded chairs with frayed silk coverings, fly-paper, cumbersome bowls of fine porcelain, and smelly, worn rugs. On the walls were racks of photographs and paintings of gay relatives and friends who fell victims to the new order. Poverty, carelessness, and confusion had made a chaotic scene of the gaudy relics of his former wealth. The old gentleman fuming in his decadent home seemed to embody the hopeless, impotent, but obstinate past; and the singing children, the intensity and fervour of the present, devoid of experience and bent on a fanatical crusade. Neither of them appeared able to possess the city, and neither does.

On one of St. Peterburg's long, white nights, as the boat steams up the river past the Kronstadt and into dock, the old city, covered by a charitable haze, has still the form of grandeur and power. The spindle spire of Peter and Paul Cathedral hanging like a golden thread above the sullen fortress walls, the giant green expanse of the Winter Palace sprawling at the water's edge. Alexander Cathedral's multi-coloured mushroom domes and the low, wide bridges all loom through the silver light with imposing force. There is little one can see from a distance of the social upheaval that drained the life from these hulking forms of other years. But once the Custom officials are passed and the cobbled embankment scaled to the street, the ghostly rattle of the Tsarist stronghold rumbles through the town.

The City Built on Bones

St. Petersburg was the cradle of the Revolution, and here, during the stress of an unsuccessful War, the Bolsheviks drove the Romanoffs into oblivion and started Russia on the way to Communism. But the revolutionists held no sentimental regard for the city of their triumphs—at least not sufficient to refrain from removing the capital to Moscow. They looked upon the place as an unnatural creature of the Tsars.

A melancholy saying has it that the town was built on bones. For when the barbaric Peter the Great selected the site and ordered the city made, 10,000 workmen were conscripted and despatched to the north, where they were set at the tremendous labour of draining the raw marshes of the Neva River, building canals, and erecting a town upon piles. The severe climate wrought wholesale death among the labourers, but the city was constructed. Peter had given his nation a seaport, a window from which to look out upon Europe, and a Western city that he hoped would be a model for his people and turn their faces from Asia towards the Europe he admired. The city was laid out in 1703. From that date until 1918 St. Petersburg remained the capital of Russia.

During the years the town has experienced a most phenomenal growth in population and a still more phenomenal decline; it has had its name changed twice, and was snatched from the abyss of decadence by the new order that seeks to make a Communist out of the old aristocrat. When Russia entered the World War St. Petersburg, as a name, smacked too much of the German so the city was rechristened Petrograd; and after the death of Lenin in 1924 the Soviets renamed the town in honour of their Messiah.

The city's rise and fall in population is almost unequalled. In 1916 it numbered 2,500,000 inhabitants; after the Revolution, counter revolutions, and floods it fell in 1924 to 770,000 for a short time. Then with all the effort they could bring to bear, the Soviets stirred up industry, took advantage of the general movement of the people from the country to the city, and reported in 1929 a population of 1,550,000 — a million under the Tsarist population. But many old residents of Leningrad question this 1929 figure; they believe it is a few hundred thousand too high.

Optimistic economic reports issued by the Government on the status of industry in Leningrad show that the past still hangs heavily upon the new era, even in industrial fields where the most vigorous energies of Communism are expended. The old factories do not suit the new order. They were erected and equipped for the manufacture of expensive articles to be consumed by the wealthy classes. Bulging goloshes, thick underwear, and coarse woollen caps are now produced where silken shoes, fashionable coats, and smart uniforms once were made.

Bolshevism Makes Alterations

In their effort to bring life back to the city that so nearly perished in the Revolution and to make amends for the removal of the capital, the Soviets have erected a number of new factories. But there has been no attempt to favour the city with the projects Moscow receives. Textiles, rubber goods, and shoes have been produced in increase over the pre-War figure. Leningrad is proud of that record. But a decline in chemical and metal industries of about 20 per cent. offsets the gain.

Though reports show an increasing number of workers employed in industry, and many phases of commercial life rehabilitated, the loss of a million in population leaves a great gap in the town's business life. Researches completed in 1929 show a large number of shops in the most active locations in the city closed. There are also a great many office buildings empty, and there is little demand for clerical work. In the old arcade on 25th of October Prospect, formerly Nevesky Prospect, are long rows of vacant shops.

Nevesky Prospect, once the favourite shopping centre of St. Petersburg's rich, is now given over to merchandise in keeping with the simpler tastes of the times. And among the shops remaining open there is none of the bustle, life, and general business activity that one sees in Moscow, Neither is there the variety of first-class goods displayed in the booming capital. The Soviet co-operative stores along the Prospect do a fair trade in odd lines and an excellent business in staples when they can be secured for regular distribution. But obtaining necessities in general demand is difficult. There are too many Russians crying for the limited output of the factories to allow any one store a great supply of these goods.

The aristocrats of the old regime are selling on the kerbstone of the city

Deserted by a million of its former inhabitants, Leningrad nevertheless is in the throes of a housing shortage. The strange predicament came about in this way. With old bourgeoisie and nobles in the discard, and their property in the hands of the State, the proletariat immediately after the Revolution moved into the better residential sites of the city. At first there was room for all and many of the old slums were abandoned.

But after the counter revolutions were put down, the skilled worker and discharged soldier returned to the city seeking the rewards of the allegiance to the Red Flag. Many of the old slums that had been in the last stages of dilapidation before the War now were completely disintegrated. There was no new building, and most of the adequate houses had been taken by those who had remained in the city. The demand for better living quarters than had contented the old Tsarist worker was greater than the supply. So the Government was confronted with the problem of distributing the home at its disposal. They are gradually solving their difficulty.

Floor space is alloted in accordance with the number in a family, and thirty shillings a month is a substantial rent. The old houses and apartments of the dispossessed upper and middle classes are all utilized. So too are the palaces of grand dukes and the lesser nobility. Floor space is floor space no matter where it is found. The humblest worker often finds himself snugly at home in the former boudoir of a princess. But these homes do not retain their old character, nor do the new occupants enjoy the accommodations in the fashion of the deposed owners. The families occupying the same floors of a house usually cook in a community kitchen. There is little privacy and much inconvenience. But these houses are solid; they keep out the bitter winter, and with all their handicaps are a perfect place to live when compared to those terrifying districts that once housed the workers of St. Petersburg.

A Palace—for Children

Like the gaunt ghosts of jewelled and drunken hedonists the old palaces stand, wanly blinking at the new life around them, inanimate victims of their former owners' folly. Throughout the entire St. Petersburg district the Romanoffs had flung their lavish homes, piling up edifice after edifice with Oriental abandon and extravagance. The hapless imperial family is gone. But their proud, gaudy villas stay on to be tormented by usages strange to their autocratic birthright.

Outstanding among a host of impressive royal abodes is the Winter Palace. It is the largest single house any monarch ever set up to tickle his vanity. To-day it is known as the Palace of Art and the Museum of Revolution. Its 700 rooms are turned over to the proletariat for their æsthetic education and to train them in respect and loyalty to the Soviet State. The vast wing of the building connected with the Hermitage is an extension of that gallery filled with additional pictures the Bolsheviks acquired from private homes and monasteries.

Schoolchildren thump through the satin-walled rooms and listen to lectures on paintings of importance. Shaved-headed workers look out upon Alexander Column from the same tall windows where once the amorous Catherine and her slouchy lover, Potemkin, his dirty hands in his velvet breeches pockets and uncombed hair in his watery eyes, stood together and watched the Royal guard change.

The great expanse of rooms across the front of the palace house the Revolutionary Museum. Here is gathered the saga of the parties who worked for the destruction of Russia's autocrats. Relics of Tsarist torture devices are displayed; photographs, documents, and books dealing with subjects that once were treason but now are law are spread out so that the new generation may know the tyranny of the past. Pugacheff, the terror of Catherine's time, is pictured in a cage making savage faces at the Tsarina's police—quite in keeping with his tough reputation. The rifles of the ill-fated Decrabists, sketches of lonely Siberian prison horrors, leg-irons that held the Strelitz secure until Peter and his fellow executioners, tired of cutting off heads, are

(Continued on p. 200)

LONDON TOWN

Facets of Life in the Empire's Capital

REMINISCENT OF ST. MARK'S: Workmen engaged on spring-cleaning the Quadriga, the great equestrian group surmounting the arch at the top of Constitution Hill

THE ANIMALS' HOSPITAL: A lecture at the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, recently endowed with £100,000 by the Government

"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE": "Edward of Stonehall," a giant mastiff exhibited at the Crystal Palace Show—and friend

PURE GOLD FOR ST. PAUL'S: After seventeen years the ball and cross of London's Cathedral will be re-gilded—with pure gold. Between 25,000 and 30,000 leaves $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. square will be required. The beating by hand is seen in progress above at Messrs. Whiley's workshops. *Above on right*—THREE GENERATIONS OF MILKMEN: Grandfather, father, and three sons of one family—all employees of United Dairies

THE SECRETS of SPIDERS

The gossamer threads exuded from the body of the insect are fantastic both in length and quality. The web will support the onslaughts of insects of appreciable size, and though it may be broken in places — and usually is — it will yet so entangle the aggressor as to make it an easy prey for the spinner

By ANTHONY WAYNE

Science has been discovering some new facts about the spider. Whether or not this creature ever reached our earth from some other world, as some may believe, scientists are agreed that the spider is supreme in cunning, ruthless ferocity, inventiveness, and courage.

H. G. Wells once said that if man ever lost his mastery of this planet, perhaps the next race to dominate it would be the spiders!

Mr. Wells is hardly a scientist, yet Dr. E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History, who for years has been studying the spiders, recently announced the results of his varied observations which would make of Mr. Wells a prophet. Experiments with spiders, and careful watching of various kinds of spiders, show an intelligence that leaves mankind amazed. It is doubtful if the average human being could begin to compete with the spider for engineering skill and native ability.

So important is the study of the spider that the United States Department of the Interior has been making an investigation of the spiders' webs. They found that a silken thread spun by a spider, when photographed through a microscope that enlarged it some two thousand times, to be but the size of an ordinary horsehair.

The Amazing Strength of Spiders' Silk

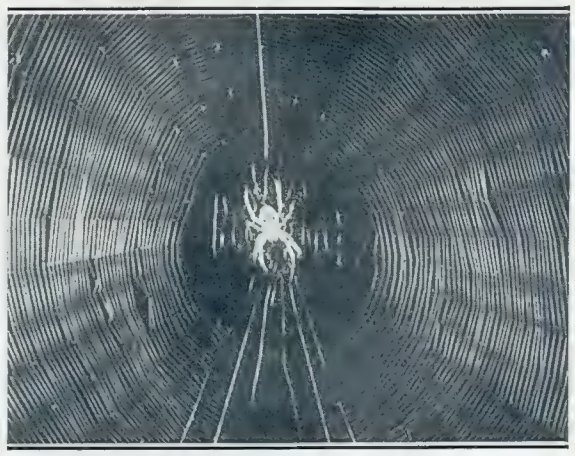
On the other hand, a human hair magnified on the same scale would be six inches thick. This is comparative as well of the relative strength of the two. The spider with such an apparently fragile and transparent wisp of line is able to bind animals several thousand times larger than itself. The U.S. Interior Department is now experimenting with the spider silk which is thirty-two millionths of an inch in diameter, yet incomparably greater in strength than that of any cord of rope that man knows how to make.

Dr. Gudger in his studies tells of how he has witnessed spiders attack tadpoles, small frogs and snakes, lizards, and even bats. He found some of the results hard to believe and as a true scientist waited a long time before announcing the results of his conclusions. He tested some spiders by taking a dozen tadpoles and three tree-frogs.

Taking a jar with the tadpoles swimming in the water and a bit of a tree branch to keep the spider and the frogs out of the wet, he saw that the spider soon ate nine of the tadpoles and then made a meal of one of the little frogs. From this he observed spiders about ponds and small bodies of water. It seemed true that the tadpoles and small frogs are favourite dishes of hungry spiders. When the spider wants food he goes fishing. Even minnows have been known to vanish from an aquarium if a large spider is about.

But spiders, Dr. Gudger found, will even attack snakes. At Batavia, New York, a small ringed-snake nine inches long was found trapped by a spider in a cellar. The spider had spun a web in the form of an inverted cone, from the tip of which hung a silken cable of about the thickness of ordinary sewing silk. By this cable the snake was found suspended, still alive, its mouth muzzled with multiple strands of web, and its tail tied by means of more silken cord.

Dr. Gudger also tells of a mouse that was snared by a spider. Apparently the snaring was accomplished at the start by winding silken threads around the tail of the rodent, perhaps while it was asleep. Anyway, the mouse was securely tied, and the spider, its web located beneath the table, showed its engineering skill which led to the prophecy of H. G. Wells. By a loop the mouse, despite its struggles, was hoisted off the floor into the air and hung there wholly helpless.



"WON'T YOU STEP INTO MY PARLOUR?" The spider awaits with its characteristic patience the advent of any unwary visitor who may voluntarily or involuntarily accept the deceptive invitation

It is this fine, colourless rope which coupled by skilled engineering ability makes the spider's work so successful. Even man takes advantage of the spider's effort and uses the web.

Using a Spider Web for Fishing

It is in New Guinea where the Papuans use spiders' webs for fish-nets. The spider which is found there is a forest species and spins giant webs 6 and 7 ft. in diameter, and woven in large mesh for the catching of small birds as house spiders catch flies.

The primitive Papuan goes to the forest where the spiders are thickest and sticks upright in the ground the stem of a long and pliant bamboo, the top end of which has been bent over and tied so as to form a large loop. This loop makes a convenient frame in which to build a web, and the spider, dark brown, and about the size of a hazel nut, with hairy legs that spread about 2 in., seeing the ideal place for a web, soon takes advantage of the loop left by the native.

The Papuan then takes the net which has been presented to him, and going to a nearby stream, catching himself some fish by scooping them up with his spider's net. The beauty of the net is that the water does not seem to hurt it because the threads are coated with a gummy substance that is waterproof.

If man points to his mastery of the air the spider can show that he has for untold centuries used aerial navigation. Many spiders are skilled aeronauts. Almost any warm day will show a spider in the act of taking a little joy ride through the air. Climbing to some elevated place, and letting loose a number of threads, the wind carries the spider for a pleasant trip.

The spider, Dr. Gudger observed, is able to descend at a convenient time by reducing the sail-spread, so to speak, and taking in some of the threads. Then slowly settling, a silken line is thrown out for an anchor. These spider ships of the air are sometimes found at great heights. Even ships at sea have found them hundreds of miles from land.

Spider Aviators

It is this quality of adaptability to the air, to the water, to the needs of its appetite that gives the spider the respect, if also the fear, of mankind in general. Dr. Gudger observed a spider making a web. He said that a spider perched on a twig 15 ft. above the ground, and wishing to throw a line to another 12 ft. away, will either take note of the direction of the wind and use it, or will lower itself to the ground, running across to the desired spot, fasten the thread to it, and then pull in the slack until the first line is taut. After that it is a simple matter of casting other lines at right angles and parallel, where dropping down or climbing up and pulling in the slack, a web is spun that will catch the needed food.

The spider lives in a world of an absolute matriarchy. The female is the fighter, the bread-winner, and the autocratic monarch. The male is an undersized, meek little creature, who is likely to be eaten.

The love-making of spiders is a strange procedure unlike that found in any other world of nature. Matches are usually made at a kind of marriage fair in the light of the moon. The magic of the white sorceress seems to reach down at least that far in the scale of animal life, for when the moon's rays are on the forest paths or the rocky slopes the spiders give themselves up to love.

Light seems to produce in spiders a strange ecstasy, and they give expression to it by peculiar movements which some have called the love dance. This is a solitary affair, but it serves as a means of introduction, for in moving about one individual is almost certain to touch another. When a male and female meet, they perform the gesture in a dignified, meditative way, as if sizing each other up for further acquaintance. Either may decline this, in which case they go their separate ways. If mutually attracted they stroll off together.

Spider Love-making

All this is equivalent to an engagement, and it may be either short or long. It may end in marriage or a break-up. While it lasts, the couple devote their whole time to each other. They quarrel and make it up again. But mostly they seem to reflect upon the seriousness of matrimony. The fact of the matter is that he cannot be blamed for this, for the lady who is so nice to him as a sweetheart usually makes a meal of him as a wife, and she cannot be blamed, for she is not only choosing a husband but a dinner.

These scientific facts not only reveal habits as to love and hate among insects, but may throw some light on to physical ability such as engineering skill and the substance of spiders' webs! What couldn't man do if he were able to make ropes and cables with the approximate strength of a spider's web. Suspension bridges would be thrown across on tiny cables, and being light and easy to anchor there would be no limit to their length.

It is the female spider that spins the web, being provided for that purpose with six little tubes called "spinnerets" at the end of her abdomen. Into these tubes open hundreds of glands, each of which supplies a separate thread, and the spider manipulates the threads by holding them between the "teeth" of her comb-like claws.

TIGHT-ROPE COURTSHIP: Spiders mating — a function attended with painful results for the male, for he is, in certain species, eaten by his better half. The tensile strength of a single strand of the web is well exemplified in this picture

First Impressions of COCHRAN'S REVUE.

"The Sphere's" Special Process Records Scenes at the Pavilion

"PICCADILLY 1830": An incident in the ballet which forms so attractive a feature of this part of the revue. The choreography is the work of Georges Balanchin. The invalid is played by Nicholas Efimoff. The scene is by Oliver Messel

THE FINALE OF ACT I: The Scene in Heaven, where police, Byron, Nell Gwynn, Gladstone, Josephine Beauharnais, Wellington, Lola Montez, and a flower girl (*inter alia*) commingle with various angels—the sophisticated and Caucasian musical-comedy version, in fact, of "The Green Pastures," the play of Negro that has set New York by the ears. Above on right: Mr. Gladstone (Mr. William Cavanagh) is seen chatting to Josephine (Miss Jane Welsh) in the same episode in the new Cochran magnificence. All the above pictures were taken a few days ago from the auditorium of the Pavilion Theatre during the action of the revue. The photographic devices employed to obtain these instantaneous results have taken several months to prepare and are now bearing fruit

ART in Many LANDS

A Viennese Sculptor : A Statue in Cape Town : Personalities at a Matinee and a Pageant : A Sketcher at Work

CREATING LIFE FROM SENSELESS STONE : *Herr Gustinus Ambrosi in process of evoking one of his vigorous statues from a block of Carrara marble*

A SCULPTOR OF VIENNA : *Herr Gustinus Ambrosi in his studio in the Austrian capital surrounded by his work. The huge statue in the foreground is an imaginative treatment of Icarus, the daring aviator of mythology, who affixed his wings with wax but flew too near the sun and plunged headlong to destruction*

A LIVING TUSCAN PICTURE : *Lady Diana Duff-Cooper at the Society pageant in the guise of the Madonna of an unknown Tuscan. It recalls, of course, "The Miracle" triumph*

"SCENE IN A RESTAURANT" : *Mr. George Belcher poses an item for Lady Birkenhead's matinee.* Above—***THE BOTHA MEMORIAL :*** *The plaster cast of the statue is to be placed in Stal Plein, a square in Cape Town, to enable the citizens to judge of the suitability both of the subject and of the site*

SKETCHING IN COMFORT ! *Miss Stella Steyn, an Irish artist whose witty sketches are on view at the St. George's Galleries, does much of her best work in the early morning in bed*

The WORLD of WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

THE CLUB COMPLEX

—The Anglo-Saxon race—English and American—loses immeasurably by its hide-bound convention of clannishness

By MARGERY LAWRENCE

What I call the "club complex"—for want of a better definition—seems to me to be peculiarly Anglo-Saxon, and those most profoundly afflicted by it the English and American races. I do not mean by the "club complex" merely the actual running or joining or frequenting of actual clubs, I mean that peculiar trend of mind that leads one to gravitate towards any particular set of people and stick to them grimly, devotedly, without apparently any desire to meet or associate with anybody not belonging to that particular set. This trend of mind finds its spiritual home in many people within the actual four walls of a club, hence the immense popularity of many women's clubs, since women as a whole are even fonder of surrounding themselves with ring-fences than men. But the fact remains—to me at least an odd and saddening fact—that thousands and thousands of people, as it were, carry clubs about with them and never go outside their walls, no matter how interesting and wonderful the people outside may be.

It is always beyond me to understand the mentality of the people who, after spending their time in each other's pockets in London during the Season, all go abroad to the same places, and with the deliberate and avowed intention and desire of meeting each other all over again. It is the club complex of course. It is only with that one small group of people that they feel at ease, themselves *safe*, as it were, for in truth the club complex is at once a sop to one's vanity, since it gives a delicious feeling of being exclusive and superior, and a confession of fear! A confession that one is unable to understand or get on with the rest of the wide and tangled and difficult world, the tacit admission that only with one small set, who all run on one's own well-known rails, is one at ease and happy—heavens, *what* an admission of weakness and futility, yet all unconsciously scores of people make it daily and hourly, and people in the small group known as Society are worse than all. A proof of this is that if some well-known woman shows a liking for going off the beaten track a-hunting for new experiences the fact is at once paragraphed in the daily press with every expression of delighted surprise. A member of Society, and not going with the usual drove to North Berwick, or Touquet, or Cannes; ye gods, how wonderful!

America is just as bad, but even more pitiable, since that race has not as yet colonized the Continent as completely as we have, and therefore the wandering Yank has not, as it were, a ready-made clubful of familiar faces awaiting him at any fashionable place. Who has not seen the depressed American, studded with fraternity badges and buttons, his staring eyes eloquent of his anxiety to meet someone of his own clan with whom he can "get together"? Ignorant, one supposes, that in France or Italy or Germany there are quite a lot of pleasant people already, many of whom speak quite comprehensible American. And who has not seen his face on perceiving another figure studded with similar mystic emblems, light up as one beholding salvation in the distance, as he falls upon the neck of the stranger with loud cries of joy, while, odder than ever to the eye of the uninitiate, the stranger promptly follows suit with further cries and embraces?

Is there no balm in Gilead, or are there, rather, no friends to be made amongst nations other than ourselves, or amongst people outside our small immediate social circle? It seems to me that one of the most stultifying things possible for the soul is this passion for exclusiveness for, like Mrs. Green, the char, "keeping ourselves *to* ourselves"? What in heaven's name *can* one learn of the world and its people living so? These people afflicted with the club complex move about shut up eternally inside a glass case, as it were, a case through which they can see and be seen, but which completely and hopelessly prevents them from ever coming into actual touch with the outside world.

And the world is so well worth knowing. The other races can teach us a lot we can well afford to learn.

Watch the English-cum-American groups at the Lido, on the beach at Juan-les-Pins in the Season—incidentally, would any of them dream of going there out of Season, when they *might* actually meet some French or Italian people? Listen to their complacent chatter, watch their comfortable air of superiority, poor souls, and see the invisible walls of the club complex close about them. That unseen barrier, stern and inexorable as a steel wall between them and the merry, cynical Latins who watch them from outside it, laugh at them, and shrugging indulgent shoulders, make money out of their—to them—inexplicable passion for each other's society . . . and I'm afraid I don't blame the Latin for doing so.

If one insists on sitting inside a wall and being waited on, one must obviously pay for the privilege; fortunately, I have always hated walls about *me*.

Lenare

A NOVELIST OF NOTE: Miss Margery Lawrence, whose fearlessness is hinted in the accompanying article, decrying the typical English habit of sticking invariably to one environment and one clique

VISITING NEW YORK: The Misses Lavender and Rosemary Christie-Miller, the nieces of Major Christie-Miller, who arrived in the American metropolis on the *Berengaria* recently

COLLEGIATES OF 1890: Undergraduates of Bedford College in the pageant, "Time's Girls," organised by Miss Phyllis Horde, an alumnus. The pageant will, it is hoped, help to pay for the new college hall

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

MODERN SIDEBOARDS ARE MORE CONVENIENT

—They provide the utmost possible accomodation and at the same time are attractive in appearance

By Baseden Butt

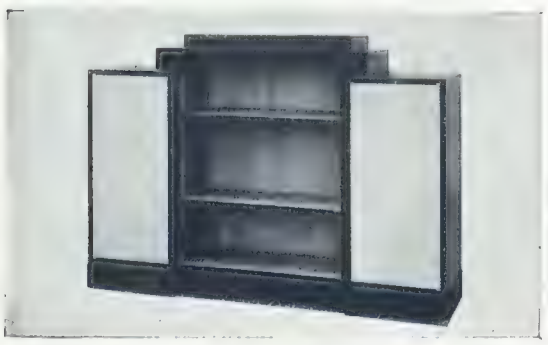
The modern sideboard is possessed of such striking individuality that one is liable to forget that this piece of furniture boasts an historic lineage. Its earliest ancestors were the buffet and Court cupboard of Elizabethan times and the Jacobean dresser. Not until the mid-eighteenth century was the first true sideboard obtained by uniting in one piece of furniture the side-table and two pedestals (cellarette and cistern) which were at that time customary for the equipment of the dining-room. It is not known who first conceived this idea—possibly the cabinet-maker Shearer—but at least it is certain that the invention was promptly adopted by both Adam and Hepplewhite.

COMBINING USE WITH BEAUTY: *Designed by Mr. C. A. Richter, this roomy sideboard has cupboard doors in warm glowing colours*

Sheraton, whose sideboards were frequently veneered with satinwood, has even left on record an account of the accommodation which, in this designer's opinion, a sideboard should provide:

"That the drawer on the left hand should have two divisions, the hinder one lined with green cloth, to hold plate, etc., under a cover; the front one is lined with lead for the convenience of holding water to wash glasses, etc.; there must be a valve-cock or plug at the bottom, to let off the dirty water, and also in the other drawer to change the water necessary to keep the wine cool. The long drawer in the middle is adapted for table linen."

WHEN THE LOUNGE IS ADJACENT: *This cabinet in curly oak by Waring and Gillow, would ensure harmonious character between lounge and dining-room*



WITH CUPBOARDS AND SHELVES: *A lounge cabinet in sycamore and macassar ebony, designed by Mr. C. A. Richter*

Nowadays, thanks to the modern refrigerator, there is no necessity for such aquatic furniture in our dining-rooms; in any event, the Sheraton type of sideboard, graceful though it be, is none too popular. With its pair of pedestal cupboards and single drawer and table-surface linking the two together, it occupies more room compared with the service it provides than is justified in a modern house or flat. The space between the two cupboards is wasted, for if anything such as a wine-cooler is placed there it is likely to look untidy.

The modern sideboard is designed primarily to afford the greatest possible accommodation. With not an inch of space wasted there are always two large cupboards—sometimes three—and anything from one to six drawers. The latter will accommodate not only table-linen, cutlery, and silver but also a brush and crumb-tray, table-mats, and a butler's tray lined with grained rubber and with rubber feet. Moreover, one of the drawers may be reserved for smokers' requisites. And in the cupboards there is space for glasses, dishes, jars. There will be a shelf or rack for condiments, a glass-cloth rail, a fitting for corkscrews, and one of the cupboards may contain a revolving cellarette. In these days, when the cocktail party is so much the vogue, replacing the hitherto conventional afternoon tea, such a compendium is of incalculable value to the owner of a house or flat of limited area. It is interesting to compare all this with Sheraton's ideal of this piece of furniture.

WITH PLENITUDE OF CUPBOARDS: *A handsome sideboard in golden amboyna and walnut, with handles of real ivory*

In design the modern sideboard shows a tendency to approximate to the character of a chest. Sometimes it may stand on short legs, but many of the most effective rest solid on a plinth. There are few mouldings, and a stepped top may give a more striking effect than a receding cornice, which somehow looks happiest on a wardrobe. Modern sideboards are frequently constructed of very handsome timbers, and one which is illustrated has cupboard-doors veneered with amboyna, thuya, and burr elm in subtly varying tones so arranged as to convey a decorative impression of sunshine. The centre portion of this sideboard, consisting of three deep drawers and a cupboard, provided a fine contrast, being in dark macassar ebony. Another striking example, which has a curved outline, is in light golden amboyna with feet and base, simple bandings, and fluted pilasters, all in walnut. This example is a wonderful piece of work.

Occasionally a modern sideboard from a cabinet is difficult to distinguish. An example of the latter is illustrated. It may accommodate glasses, bottles, decanters, and a syphon, also cigarettes and cigars. The shelves in the centre portion are suitable for books or for the display of choice pieces of pottery or other appropriate ornaments. A cabinet of this kind has points in which it may resemble a sideboard, partly because the same principles of practical utility govern the design of each, and partly because lounge and dining-room are frequently adjacent interiors; it, therefore, seems appropriate for the character of the furniture to appear similar when one passes from one room to the other.

THE CHARM OF SIMPLICITY: *A sideboard with three good drawers for the smaller dining-room*

TRANSFORMING *an* OLD-FASHIONED ROOM

—Your rooms may be modernized quite easily and cheaply if you go the right way to work

This little sitting-room is part of a flat in a recently converted house in the West End. The house was old, but not so old as to be beautiful. It dated from the mid-Victorian period, and in this room there were an exceedingly ugly fireplace and over mantel. Round the ceiling, too, were fussy, inartistic mouldings of a type that would collect dust.

If you also should be among the large numbers of people possessing a room which you desire transformed the way in which this sitting-room has been treated may perhaps assist you. The modernization of an old interior can easily be a very costly business, especially if fireplace and overmantel have to be removed and new ones put in, and if alterations have to be made to the structure of the ceiling.

But you can produce an up-to-date and entirely tasteful effect very much more economically. In this Victorian apartment, which is now a modern sitting-room, nothing was pulled down or removed. The effect has been achieved by simply boxing in the older mantelpiece with nicely figured oak plywood. It was found possible to retain the existing coal fireplace without incongruity; but if necessary a gas or electric fire could be put in quite easily.

To harmonize with the chimney-breast all four walls have been lined with natural-coloured oak plywood, and the ceiling mouldings have been similarly boxed in, the oak here being treated to match the ceiling itself, which is in cream-coloured distemper.

It will be seen that the effect is simple yet dignified, and there is an excellent sense of architectural proportion in the arrangement of the different masses.

Ply-wood is the ideal material for a conversion made on these principles, for the wood may be relied upon not to warp, shrink, or split even when subjected to extremes of temperature. But instead of oak, walnut or mahogany could be used if preferred, though they would be rather more expensive.

Among the practical features of this sitting-room is a narrow shelf that runs round the room instead of the conventional dado, and which may be used for the display of select ornaments or for an occasional ash-tray. The recessed mirror in the chimney-breast is admirable in its effect, and the built-in bookshelves at either side are decorative as well as practical. The space immediately beneath these shelves in each instance conceals a cupboard which is accessible by means of a lock-up flap. When these cupboards are opened the flaps, being then horizontal, can be used as accessory tables during afternoon tea-parties, or even as a temporary writing surface if the bureau is already in use.

B. B.

MODERNISED WITH EFFECT: A room treated in accordance with the advice given in the accompanying article

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

The Sphere of Woman's Fashion

"SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN"—AND SO IS THE FAN!
A recrudescence in the popularity of the "lady's falchion" is prophesied for the summer of 1930

FOR THE BRIDESMAID: *A charming gown in white chiffon with flowers of chiffon and organdie edging the skirt. The pastel-green cap is embroidered in pearls*

THE LATEST FROM PARIS: *An evening creation in white tulle, heavily embroidered in spangles of silver and strass. The turban is in silver lame*

On right—THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF BERLIN: *Daisy d'Ora, the seventeen-year-old actress who has been elected the loveliest woman in the German capital. In private life she is the Baroness Vontreiburg*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—continued

CONCERNING TEACUPS

—And some "Conversation" pieces

By Harriet Dickson

A Chinese gentleman—and who but one versed in the tea tradition—could assert with more authority that "the greatest invention which England ever received any credit for is that daily occurrence known as afternoon tea." "Tea," he continues, "encourages peace, while coffee encourages war. Tea makes people comfortable in this world, yet not so comfortable that they forget themselves, for while wine makes for volubility, tea inspires conversation."

Nor will anyone deny that tea makes alive not only physically but mentally. It is the ideal drink. Yet it is possible to see in the cups that have been fashioned to receive this most admirable of beverages a further contribution to the vivid discourse of the hour. Delicate workmanship, design, form the art which the potter lavished upon them. Cups, perhaps, have not made history, they have most surely been made by it.

It was, therefore, a novel idea of the State Porcelain Factory in Berlin to hold an exhibition of its more famous "conversation" pieces, for which the claim is made that they are history-makers in their own domain. There were choice round shapes with bouquets of flowers that came from the hands of the famous pottery, Wegely, in 1751. There were conical shapes, and others in the cylindrical form so popular in the early nineteenth century. A cup with a lid and a saucer complete with inner ring to prevent slipping was a practical invention to aid the old in the eighteenth century. Silhouettes formed the design, the initial "S" honoured the birthday pair in this presentation example, and the colouring was a soft grey on a pale yellow ground.

Natural subjects, more particularly landscapes and birds, were greatly favoured about the early nineteenth century. A fine example of bird-work was an exhibit from the year 1803, a veritable touch of spring about the delicate tracery of the trees and those many-coloured warblers looking very much alive on their pale primrose background. A cup with cornflowers and ears of corn of 1790 date, and another showing a sprig of elder interwoven with a pure gold decoration, were both greatly admired for their fine artistic workmanship.

A map of the world as design commemorated a voyage of exploration. The most delicate of paintings, miniatures, mosaic work in gold, even humorous motifs were used, but there was something quite unusual about the conical-shaped cup without saucer which represented the creation of the world, the Creator seated on a bank of cloud, and life rising beneath His outstretched hand. In colouring this was one of the most beautiful, the design being in gold engraved on a pale-green ground. The soft shimmer alone, not often found even on the finest porcelain, must have inspired many an approving talk.

THE FIRST IN POPULAR FAVOUR: *An example of Wegely c. 1751*

RANKING THIRD: *An example of Wegely c. 1750*

GOLD AND GREEN: *The scene of the creation of the world is done in gold on pale-jade china. It was awarded second place*

By courtesy of Christie's

ONE OF A PAIR: *A Chinese bowl enamelled with lotos on yellow. The period is Kang-He*

Good wishes, too, were often conveyed to lovers and friends by means of teacups. The "Valentine" might be engraved like that of the modest lover of 1791 who sent his mistress a cup with roses and forget-me-nots entwined; his wish for her, a bed of roses; and as a symbol of his own tender pleadings, the pale forget-me-nots. An equally poetical admirer about 1823 chose for his beloved a golden sun and surrounded it with the words: "Be to yours as the sun in heaven."

These and many more of the more exquisite teacups shown may well have been the "conversation" pieces of tea-tables past. So too, surely, were the memorial cups "struck" to celebrate some important event; a Beethoven or Schubert centenary, a Hindenburg birthday, the end of a war. And one of special interest was of more recent date, a cup to celebrate the freedom of the Rhineland.

Yet cups of to-day, far from having lost their fascination, continue the artistic tradition. And who knows what grave and earnest questions have found a peaceful solution, what social solidarity has been accomplished over the teacups? To quote the same Chinese writer: "Wars may be won, empires founded, art and literature discussed, and sweet words whispered" over nothing more than a fragile porcelain cup.

A PRACTICAL NOTE OF 1780: *The ring in the saucer was designed to prevent slipping from unsteady hands—a necessity in the days of "three bottle men"*

LEARN *to* DRYCLEAN!

—An economy in price: a luxury in effect

By Gladys Hall

Every woman has her own particular brand of dry cleaner which she uses on minor cleaning jobs at home—sometimes successfully, sometimes not.

The method used by all high-class professional cleaners is very simple. Four enamel-ware or stone-ware vessels, petrol, and dry-cleaning soap will be needed. Use four ounces of dry-cleaning soap (sometimes called benzine soap) to each gallon of petrol. Make the dealer understand that the soap must dissolve in petrol as common soap does in water. This is very important. Into two of the vessels put petrol and dry-cleaning soap; in the other two containers have clear petrol.

Place each garment (which must be free from all trace of dampness) on a table and thoroughly brush it to remove all loose dirt and dust. Then, with a good stiff brush, rub the most soiled places, frequently dipping the brush into the first vessel containing petrol and soap. Next wash the garment in this first solution just as if it were soap and water. Repeat the operation in the second vessel of soap and petrol, then rinse the garment thoroughly in the third vessel of clear petrol, and finish by a final rinsing in the fourth vessel of clear petrol.

If the material will not be creased by passing the garment through a wringer, fold it in a clean towel and wring it in that way. Otherwise, squeeze the garment to press out the petrol. Arrange smoothly on a dress-hanger and hang in the shade in the open air to dry.

Any spots that remain after such cleaning can generally be removed by rubbing with a cloth dipped in warm water in which a little white soap has been dissolved. Rinse with clear cold water, and after the garment is dry it may be pressed with a warm iron. Press on the wrong side of the material as much as possible, placing a damp cloth between the iron and the material whenever it is necessary to iron on the right side.

All kinds of material may be cleaned in this way except plush and velvet. These should be laid flat and evenly brushed with the soap and petrol solution, rinsed in the same way, and hung to dry on a hanger to prevent wrinkling. When the petrol has evaporated, press the material by drawing it backwards and forwards across the face of a hot iron with a damp cloth between the iron and the wrong side of the material. This steams the cloth so that by brushing the pile with a soft brush the freshness of the garment is restored.

This dry-cleaning bath removes all loose dirt and grease spots, but that is all. Water spots, rust marks, ink stains, and perspiration stains still remain to be removed, each one presenting a separate problem.

There is one type of spot that can be removed very easily. That is the mark left on some materials by water. Simply place the spot over a soft surface and rub gently with the finger-nail, or pick up the fabric and rub it softly together until the spot disappears. If this fails the atomiser method may be tried. Place the spot over a pad of butter muslin and spray with clear water from an ordinary atomiser until the dampness extends beyond the ring. Absorb the excess dampness around the margin with butter muslin, and when the original water ring has disappeared hold the fabric in a draught to dry it quickly. Do not in any circumstances rub the spot while it is damp, as this is nearly certain to chafe the material.

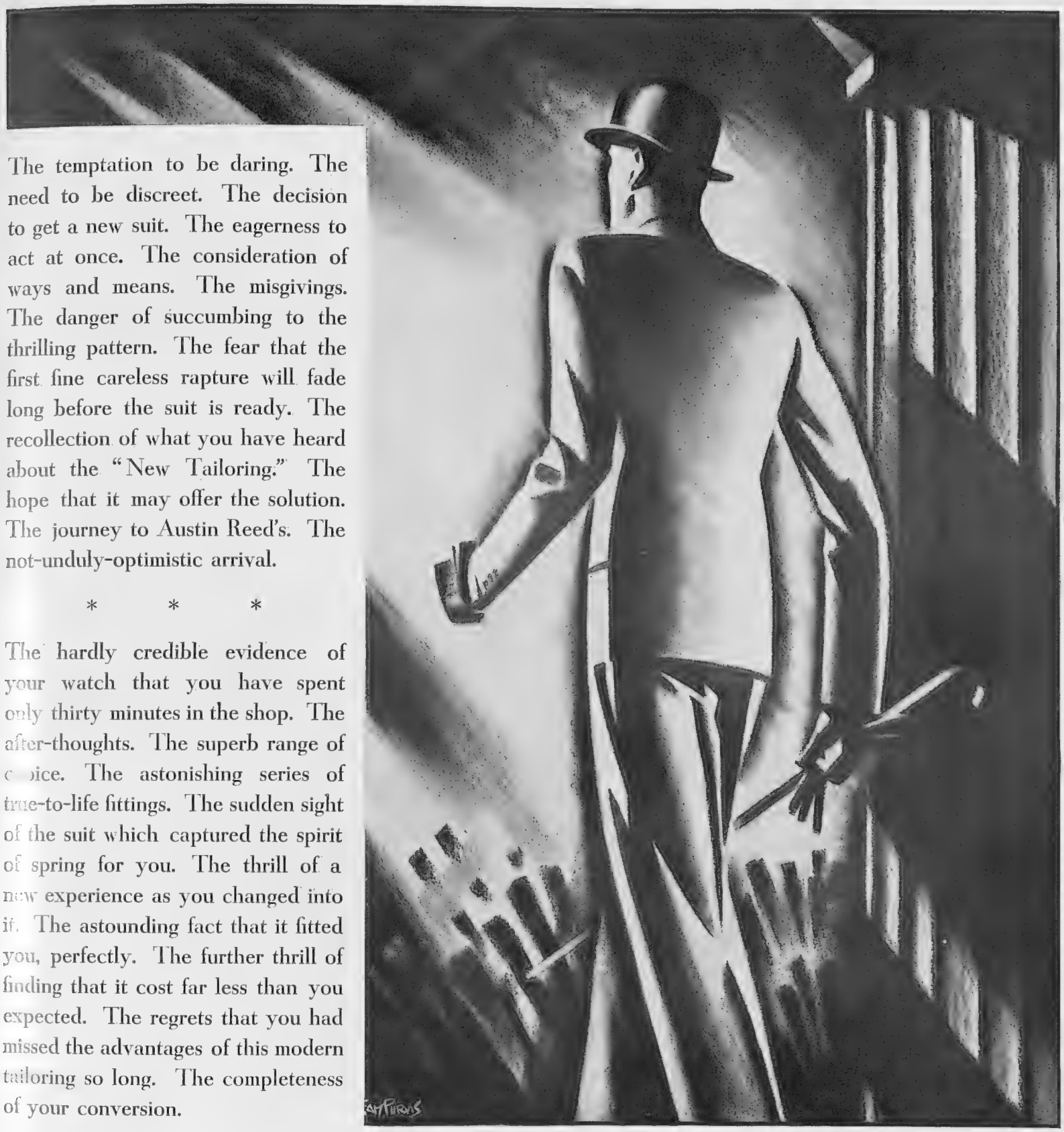
The rings left by fruit-juice spots may sometimes be removed by stroking with the finger-nail or rubbing the fabric gently together.

To remove iron rust place the fabric over a bowl of hot water, dampen, and apply oxalic acid crystals to the stain. Moisten frequently and leave for five or ten minutes until the stain disappears.

Perspiration stains are removed by dipping them in a solution of Glauber's salts and water. Hang the fabric to dry, and repeat if necessary. Treat marks on coloured fabrics with dilute ammonia before dipping into this solution.

All other spots and stains can be removed from cottons, silks, and woollens by means of the following solution. Take half-a-pint of warm water in a quart bottle and dissolve in it one and a half teaspoonfuls of chipped castile soap. Then add 6 oz. turpentine, 1 oz. ammonia, ½ oz. benzine, ½ oz. spirits of camphor, ¾ oz. sulphuric ether, ⅛ oz. balsam fir, and ¼ oz. peppermint oil. Shake well after adding each chemical. Pour ½ oz. of this mixture into a bottle and gradually add 8 oz. petrol, shaking constantly as you pour.

SPRING...



The temptation to be daring. The need to be discreet. The decision to get a new suit. The eagerness to act at once. The consideration of ways and means. The misgivings. The danger of succumbing to the thrilling pattern. The fear that the first fine careless rapture will fade long before the suit is ready. The recollection of what you have heard about the "New Tailoring." The hope that it may offer the solution. The journey to Austin Reed's. The not-unduly-optimistic arrival.

* * *

The hardly credible evidence of your watch that you have spent only thirty minutes in the shop. The after-thoughts. The superb range of choice. The astonishing series of true-to-life fittings. The sudden sight of the suit which captured the spirit of spring for you. The thrill of a new experience as you changed into it. The astounding fact that it fitted you, perfectly. The further thrill of finding that it cost far less than you expected. The regrets that you had missed the advantages of this modern tailoring so long. The completeness of your conversion.

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The Grandeur, Beauty, and Charm of Sweden and Norway

By CLIVE HOLLAND

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN: Nocturne in Scandinavia

Sweden is a country which, although growing in popularity with British holiday-makers, has in the past been somewhat neglected. The charming variety of its scenery and the complete change which its life, customs, and atmosphere afford the holiday-maker and those seeking recreation make it an ideal country to visit from the late spring onwards. Almost all tastes, indeed, can be suited, and variations of climate go far to provide resorts suitable for all needs. The north, as is well known, offers an abundance of bright sunshine and long summer days which prove the greatest attraction possible for holiday-makers. Indeed, "summer time" is a natural, and not merely a national, institution in Sweden.

Sweden possesses a great number of resorts of all kinds, ranging from seaside places of varied character and every modern comfort and possibility for all kinds of sports and amusements to the comparatively homely and simple summer resorts in the interior of the country, affording quietude and a refuge from the strenuous life of to-day. There are also sanatoria, hydropathic establishments, and spas, with their facilities for cures by means of baths, massage, and medical treatment, mineral springs, and an equipment of the best and most up-to-date character, under the superintendence of doctors of high reputation.

Swedish "cure stations" are not dull, but provide amusements in the shape of dancing, games, and mild athletics which make them very desirable places at which to spend a holiday.

Each place has its special charm, and common to most of them is the wonderful scenery of sea and land, the bracing climate, and the clean fresh air.

It is difficult indeed to describe the beauty of the summer nights in Sweden, especially those where one sees the water of the fiords and inlets take on the beautiful colours of the evening sky, which run from deep crimson and dark blue to pale pink and heliotrope.

To mention even by name the many attractive holiday resorts that Sweden provides is impossible, and one must necessarily make a selection, and even then be very brief in indicating the special charms of the chief.

On the northerly part of the west coast lies Strömstad, one of the oldest and best known of Swedish seaside resorts, sheltered between mountain ranges, and situated within a beautiful partly-wooded archipelago. Here on an island just beyond the town is a well-arranged and much-frequented sun-bathing place. And in the large and modern bathing establishment all kinds of medical baths, violet ray treatment, and artificial sunlight bathing are obtainable. Strömstad is easily reached from Gothenburg, and is a terminus of the State Railway line in that direction.

The Bohus Coast is very thickly strewn with picturesque and attractive resorts, among them Greebestad, and Fjällbacko, and Bovallstrand with its beautiful Bottnafjorden; and Hunnebostrand, charmingly situated in a bay. And on a rocky island in the open sea lies Smögen, which is the largest fishing-place on the west coast, and far-famed.

Working one's way down the coast towards Gothenburg one comes to Lysekil at the mouth of the large fiord known as Gullmarsfjorden. We mention this place because it is a town very typical of many others along the west coast surrounded by curious rocks. And, although a manufacturing town and an industrial centre, it is one of Sweden's largest and most up-to-date seaside resorts, where during the summer season the town is invaded by a good-class and representative crowd of holiday-makers. Here are to be found excellent tennis courts and beautiful excursions, one of the most charming being to Stangehuvud.

THE CITY WALLS: One of the most attractive features of Visby, on the island of Gotland—as popular with natives as with tourists

Further south by the Sound, which separates the large Oust Island from the mainland, are two charming resorts, Lyjunskile and Lyckorna, where tennis, yachting, and outdoor sports are very popular.

Gothenburg itself is a charming city, clean, bright, and gay, with some handsome buildings, art galleries, museums, and places of amusement. Much quaint architecture is to be found in the old romantic fortress town of Marstrand, situated on an island, and one of the best-known resorts on the whole of the west coast. From the tower of the old fortress of Karlsten one has magnificent panoramic views.

Then to mention only very briefly some of the resorts near Gothenburg, Styrso Havesbad, a very delightful place; Längedrag, much frequented by yachtsmen, and possessing large open-air baths; Särö, with beautiful surroundings and many charming summer villas, noted for its tennis tournaments, and with a good twelve-hole golf course at Hovas.

The most southern and most fertile province of Sweden, Scania, a land of castles and mansions, surrounded on three sides by water, has many delightful holiday places. Here we find Malen and Båstad, both having charming situations amidst beautiful surroundings. There is a first-rate golf course of 18 holes. Malen is known, on account of its wonderful shady beach, as "the children's paradise." Right round the peninsula on the way up towards Stockholm one has such places as Falsterbo, quite continental in character as regards the class of those visiting it. In the Stockholm peninsula itself one has a whole string of resorts of the most varied character, including Nynashamn, where there is glorious sea-bathing, and one can get steamers for the Island of Gotland, where there is that wonderful old town Visby, which is known as the town of ruins and roses. It is considered one of the most historic towns in Sweden, and not to see it would be really an artistic crime.

Still further north one has another string of seaside resorts, including Saltsjobaden, a wonderful seaside resort with fine hotels, bathing, yachting, tennis tournaments, and all kinds of sports and pastimes, medical baths, and with fine roads for motoring in the neighbourhood.

It must not be thought, however, that Sweden is a country merely of seaside resorts, for it has a number of others in the interior, and many of a most charming character on the lakes amidst most lovely scenery. Here, too, we find the picturesque red and white farmhouses scattered about, and the wonderful manor houses for which the country is famous. The towns and the forest regions are well-linked up, not only by railways but by an excellent network of roads and motor services, but one can also travel in many places by the canals. There is the wonderful Göta Canal, with its fine and interesting scenery connecting the Cattegat with the Baltic, and permitting one to journey right across Sweden from Gothenburg to Stockholm.

ON THE GÖTA CANAL: A glimpse of Vadsterna Castle

NORWAY

In Norway the holiday-maker and tourist finds himself in a land of great beauty and of magnificent scenery. Norway, geographically speaking, indeed, puts much of its beauty "in the shop window," for it lies upon its magnificent coastline, where there are such bold headlands, lovely fiords, and picturesque seaports, and this one sees as soon as one commences to draw in with the land after crossing the North Sea.

Norway has been for many years now a popular and much-frequented holiday ground with those for whom the crossing of the sea has no terrors. There are quite a number of pleasure cruises to the Norwegian fiords organized each year, and fine boats are employed on this holiday service. Bergen is generally the first port touched by the cruising steamers, which hug the land closely, and their passengers have all the glories of coast and fiords gradually unfolded before them, and most of the time are cruising inside the chain of islands in sheltered waters. Most of these cruises provide for two or three trips ashore by rail, automobile, or the quaint little national conveyances known as *stolkjäerres*, drawn by shaggy ponies.

English is spoken practically everywhere, and so admirable are the facilities for travel, and so excellent the accommodation at the various tourists' hotels, that many hundreds of miles can be travelled without fatigue, or a long holiday be spent in almost any of the districts under most favourable conditions.

For those who like more sea and wish to explore more of the coast towns, with possible excursions into the hinterland of some of these, it may be mentioned that there is a regular service of passengers, mail, and cargo steamers running several times a week from Bergen to the extreme north of Norway as far as Kirkeness and back.

In the months of June and July some of the steamers make a special stop and land their passengers at the North Cape, that wonderful, sheer headland which seems so grimly to typify the end of everything, for the purpose of viewing the sun at midnight from the top of the Cape. It is visible up to July 31.

The finest scenery in Norway is of course generally considered to be that of the famous fiords, and perhaps the beautiful Hardanger, with its mountain sides clothed with fir and birch woods, and its picturesque hamlets and farmsteads amidst delightful scenery, is the most attractive. But each fiord has distinctive characteristics, and therefore one experiences no monotony in cruising in one after another of these beautiful and glorious expanses of water. Sogne Fjord and the Nord Fjord, with its charming rural surroundings and much of the scenery of alpine character never fail to please.

"TRANSLUCENT AND INHUMAN BLUE": The water of many fiords justify the old quotation. The view above is of the Nord Fjord

Here are a few places that are very popular and delightful resorts: Gudvangen, Merok, situated in the Geiranger Fjord, Ulvik, and picturesque Odda on the Hardanger Fjord; Olden and Loen on the Nord Fjord, and Öie on the Norangs Fjord. Then there is most exquisite Molde on the shore of Romsdal Fjord, with its wonderful cluster of islets. And inland one has beautiful valleys like Naeroldalen, and Stalheim exquisitely situated on a hill amid snow-capped mountains.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

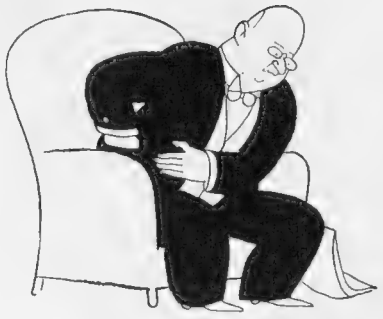
This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

Inquiries are answered promptly and comprehensively, and should be accompanied by 3d. in stamps to cover postage of booklets, etc.

"THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

The man who lost his 'Gold Flakes'

By Gluyas Williams



WHERE ON EARTH DID HE LEAVE HIS GOLD FLAKES ?

LOOKS ON TABLE, PIANO AND MANTEL-PIECE

CALLS TO FAMILY UPSTAIRS HAS ANYBODY SEEN HIS CIGARETTES THEY'VE DISAPPEARED

WIFE CALLS BRIGHTLY HERE THEY ARE AND TOSSES DOWN A PACKAGE WHICH ARE THE WRONG BRAND

FANCY GIVING HIM ANYTHING BUT WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER

SHOUTS SOMEBODY'S TAKEN THEM THAT'S ALL, WHY CAN'T THE FAMILY LEAVE HIS THINGS ALONE

SINKS GLOOMILY INTO CHAIR AGAIN AND MUTTERS TO HIMSELF

FEELS SOMETHING HARD UNDER HIM, INVESTIGATES AND FINDS HIS GOLD FLAKES WERE IN THE CHAIR ALL THE TIME

LIGHTS UP WHILE A GREAT PEACE BEGINS TO STEAL OVER HIM

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

B.W. 366

The Petrol World

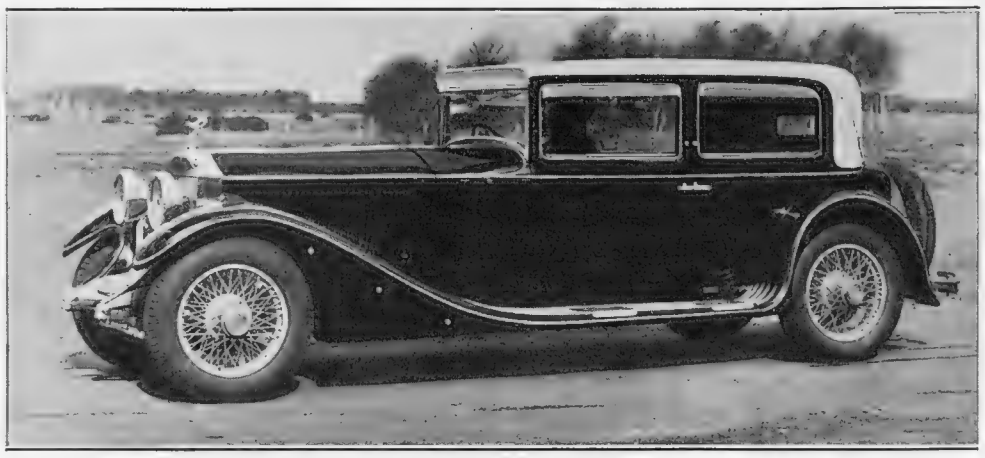
by A. Percy Bradley

PLAY FOR SAFETY FIRST.—By the time these notes appear in print Easter will be over, and we shall have read in the Press, as we always do, that innumerable accidents have occurred on the roads. A certain number of fatalities are quite unpreventable, but a large proportion are caused through sheer carelessness and unreasonableness. Probably the greatest crime in this connection is the foolish way in which some motorists will insist upon stopping their cars at points where they cause dangerous obstructions. Practically every day that I am on the road I come across a glaring example of this fault; sometimes it is a private car, and at other times it is a van. In a town or village some unthinking motorist will pull up and park his car when another car is stationary right opposite him, thus allowing one line of traffic only to percolate.

Every day I drive over Bookham Common and almost invariably I find close to one of the bends on the roads a car pulled up whilst its occupants go hunting for primroses or spread out their food for a meal on the bordering grass. It is this kind of conduct which seems so innocent that is the cause of innumerable accidents, many of which terminate fatally. It is all so unnecessary that it makes one practically despair of the common sense of the average British motorist.

On one or two occasions when I have felt more daring than usual I have stopped and pointed out the error of their ways, but have usually been met with "that is no business of yours, and as no accident has occurred there can be no danger." When people have such an outlook it is difficult to give any convincing argument. There is much talk at the moment that before long we shall have what they call in America "Speed cops." Personally I think policemen on motor bicycles, provided they display a higher degree of intelligence than their confederates on foot, could do a tremendous amount of useful work and could prevent quite a number of accidents. At any rate the experiment is worth trying, and it may be that the handling of a fast motor bicycle will instil into the rider a greater appreciation of what really is dangerous handling of a car, although at first sight it may appear innocent enough.

KEEP THE COUNTRYSIDE CLEAN!—I wonder whether the public this year have improved their manners in respect of littering the countryside with empty bottles, bits of paper, and hunks of discarded food. The appeals made on this subject through the Press and by broadcasting are numerous yet the evil seems to carry on unabated in intensity. In some ways it is a pity that some beauty spot cannot be left in the state that it is found on Easter Tuesday morning until the next holiday, because then those who desire to frequent the particular place would appreciate the benefit and pleasure that tidiness bestows.



The Latest Development in Luxury Coachwork: A Hooper saloon landaulet Rolls-Royce which was entered by Señorita Lili de Alvarez, the famous tennis player, in the Cannes Concours d'Elégance and was awarded a Grand Prix

Certain authorities have passed by-laws and have actually taken out prosecutions against offenders, but here again the law, or should I say the by-law, is frequently distorted when applied. Many people who are really transgressors are not caught, whereas some innocent old dame who goes out of her way to bury or hide a piece of waste paper in the ground surrounded by a clump of bushes finds herself prosecuted and fined some small sum of money. Such a result is most unfair and unsporting, and although it may be in keeping with the letter of the regulation it is certainly far outside the spirit. I would ask those in authority to see that their regulations do not bear harshly on those who do try to obey them.

MOTORISTS AND THE BUDGET.—The public, as motorists, gave a sigh of relief when they got hold of the details of Mr. Snowden's Budget. Whoever spread the rumour that 2d. a gallon was to be added to the price of petrol deserves the erection of a shrine in his memory; the rumour was certainly very thoroughly circulated and all sorts of people knew quite definitely that the imposition was bound to be made. Up to the moment, therefore, we have no grounds of complaint against the Government as motorists, and it looks as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer regards us in a kindlier light than did his predecessor.

Unfortunately that very important subject the McKenna duties is still left in a state of uncertainty. Everyone agrees if the worst is to happen it is always much more satisfactory to all concerned to know it at the earliest possible moment, but Mr. Snowden has seen fit to leave the motor trade wondering whether, when April comes round again, these important duties will be scrapped or not.

Politicians apparently love intense publicity or the most profound secrecy. It seems impossible for them to steer a middle course, with the result that industry

(Continued on following page)

ABERDEEN approves Castrol economy!

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd.,
Wakefield House, E.C.2.

ABERDEEN.
24th March, 1930.

Dear Sirs,

AUSTIN SEVEN R.S. 8505.

Three years ago I purchased a standard open tourer costing then a little under £150. I decided then to use only one type of oil and I chose Wakefield **CASTROL XL.**

Since then the car has travelled over **35,000 miles** under the hardest possible use on the roads of this country and those of France and Switzerland.

During that time the engine has **only been twice decarbonised** and recently—after 35,000—the engine was for the first time taken down and overhauled. It was found to be **in perfect condition,** piston rings being the only new material required, a result which can be accounted for only by the excellence of the lubrication of the oil used.

The performance of the car is better than ever and oil consumption is still about **1,200 M.P.G.**

I am,
Yours faithfully,
George F. Collie (signed)

P.S. You may use part or all of the above in any way you may choose.—G. F. C.

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
MOTOR OIL
—the Product of an ALL-BRITISH Firm
C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

New Ford comfort and beauty

New gleaming Rustless Steel — the same bright untarnishable metal all the way through — for water and petrol filler caps, hub caps, tail and head lamps, scuttle band and radiator shell. The new bright parts of the new Ford car cannot rust or wear shabby. New Ford beauty is built to endure.

New roomy bodies for added riding comfort.

New unique adjustable front seats for enclosed models — can be adjusted while driving.

New smaller diameter, larger hubbed, wider rimmed wheels — giving lower streamline beauty, added riding comfort, increased road holding ability and further safety.

New deeper radiator — 14 sq. ins. more cooling surface — low streamline grace promoted.

New improved springs for added riding comfort and holding the road.

New larger, longer bonnet for grace and distinction.

New streamline moulding and Rustless Steel scuttle band.

New and more powerful parabolic head lamps of Rustless Steel for added streamline harmony.

New sun visor for all closed models, gracefully moulded to flow into the new beauty of the body.

New mudguards that sweep backwards in graceful curves, the rear ends coming much lower than previously.

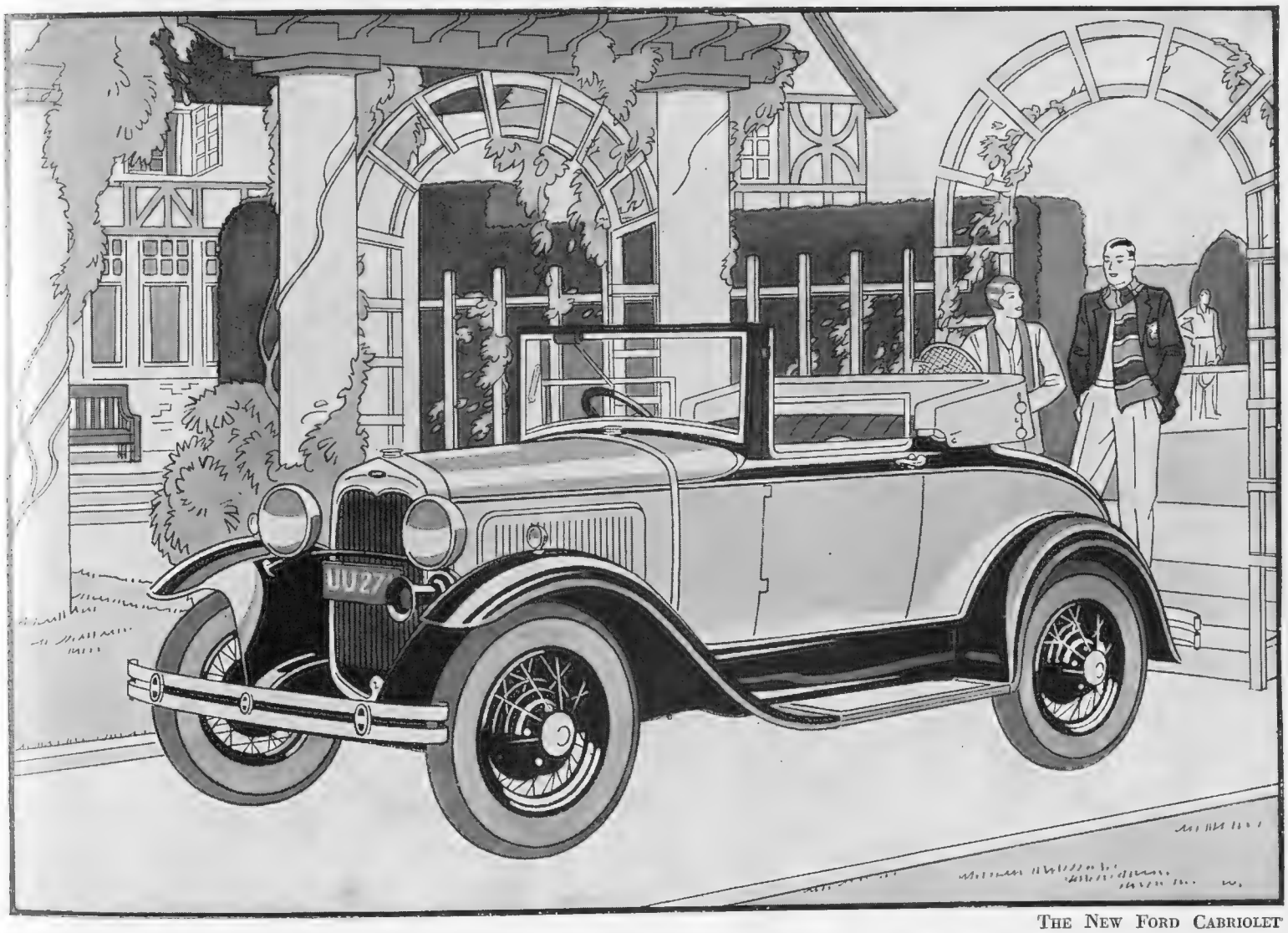
New flat top steering wheel, large diameter, thin rim, comfortable finger grips.

New handbrake lever situated alongside the gear lever.

New larger diameter, black, non-metallic horn button.

Fresh, new beauty from the new deep radiator to the curving tip of the new rear mudguard.

Prices: Tourer £180; Tudor Saloon £195; Coupé £215; Cabriolet £225; Fordor Saloon (3 windows) £225; De Luxe Fordor with sliding roof £245. All prices at Works, Manchester. Ford Motor Company Limited, London & Manchester.



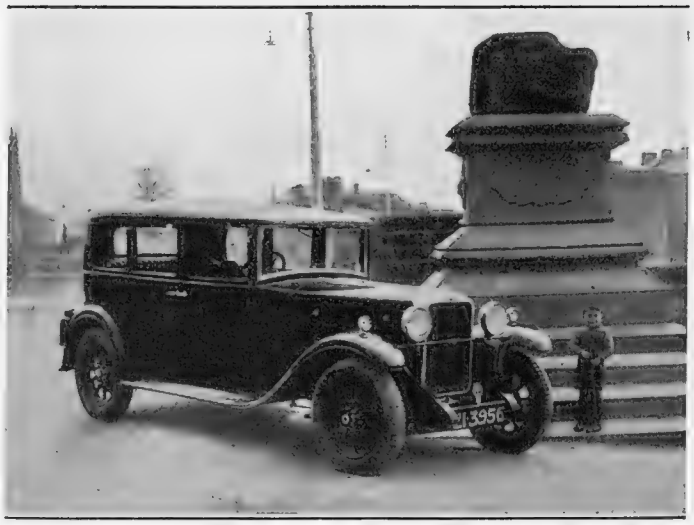
THE NEW FORD CABRIOLET

NEW COMFORT, NEW SAFETY AND, ABOVE ALL, NEW BEAUTY

Our only concern is that you may see these beautiful cars and study them personally. Know that Ford strength and long life rest secure under these new gracefully flowing lines.

Know that to Ford engineering, careful British workmanship and unusual precision building, outstanding new beauty has now been added with no increase in price. Take the time to view these beautiful new cars.

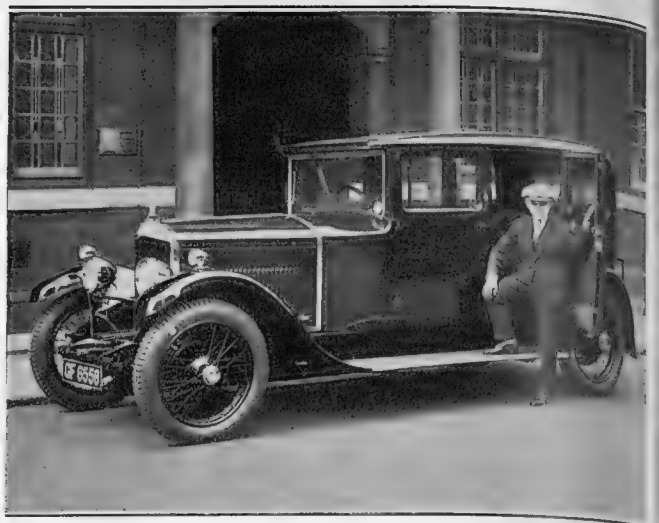
Take also the time to experience — from behind the wheel — the driving safety and pleasure, and the pride of ownership that are now brought within the reach of almost everyone.



Sight-seeing with a Hillman: A 1930 Hillman Straight Eight alongside one of the historic spots of the Emerald Isle—the Treaty Stone at Limerick which was erected to commemorate the signing of the Treaty in 1691 by General de Ginkle for the English and General Sarsfield for the Irish

The PETROL WORLD

(*Continued from p. 190*)



The Big Car of a Small Star: Wee Georgie Wood, the famous variety artiste, took the opportunity, while visiting Manchester recently, to visit the Crossley factory to take over his new car. This is a 15·7 Crossley 6-cylinder enclosed limousine supplied to him through Messrs. Shrimpton's Motors, Ltd., London

and individuals suffer an appreciable loss which need never take place. Some of us thought perhaps that the horse-power tax would be reduced, and some undoubtedly will be disappointed that that has not been done. Chancellors of the Exchequers, however, very seldom take anything off without putting more on, and I would have been very surprised if a reduction had been made in the horse-power tax, if the additional amount on petrol did not in the end result in us paying through the nose for the so-called concession. I think we should all be pleased, therefore, that motorists have been left alone in this Budget.

4,000 MILES ON SAFARI.—A cablegram has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Martin-Johnson, whose thrilling adventures have already been portrayed in the *Simba* film, and who are now engaged on another big expedition, in which these intrepid travellers pay striking testimonial to the Willys-Knight cars and Manchester trucks which form their means of transport. The cablegram states that the explorers have covered over 4,000 miles on a sixty-days' safari on almost impassable trails, despite which all the seven Willys-Knight cars and Manchester trucks are in perfect condition. The performance was wonderful and no trouble experienced; and to quote Mr. Johnson, "I know of no other cars that would stand up under such severe and cruel service."

£250,000 GAMBLE JUSTIFIED BY THE BUDGET.—It is not every manufacturer who would have the courage to embark on vast factory extensions at a time when the prosperity of the industry might have been adversely affected by the removal of the McKenna duties. Yet the doubts concerning the duties which were felt some months ago did not deter the Singer Company, who have recently built an enormous new factory adjacent to their already large works at Birmingham.

Interesting history lies in the erection of the new buildings. The scheme for the construction of this new factory was cut-and-dried nearly a year ago, but the directors of the company then stated that it would not be proceeded with if a Labour Government were returned to power. The plans were therefore shelved when the result of the General Election was known.

Some months ago, however, Mr. W. E. Bullock, Singer's managing director, became confident that Mr. Snowden would allow the duties to stand, for the time being at any rate. In November last, therefore, the plans were set into operation and the erection of the new works were begun.

"The factory is now completed, and in a month or two it will be in full swing," said Mr. Bullock on the evening of Budget day. "It will mean that we shall be able to make an increasing quantity of motor-vehicles, with its accompanying decrease in cost; and of course an increase in the number of workpeople employed. The building of this new factory was, of course, a big rush. We gambled with about about a quarter-of-a-million pounds. The new Budget shows us that we have won. Even if the McKenna duties are removed at a later date I do not think that we shall be seriously affected. Our house is in order, and we shall *meet* foreign competition, not sit down under it. Equipped as we are to-day, we can turn out cars and commercial vehicles competitive in price with foreign vehicles and superior in quality to them, even if they are admitted to this country free of duty."

The new factory has a floor area of nearly 100,000 sq. ft., and is one of the largest buildings under one roof in Great Britain. It will be used for the assembly of Singer Junior chassis and commercial vehicles, and will allow more room in the existing works for expansion in the commercial vehicle industry.

MOTOR MOWER MANUFACTURERS BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

The ATCO ALL BRITISH MOTOR MOWER

used at Crystal Palace London Since 1924.

IN these extensive gardens and on large areas of Lawn, the ATCO Motor Mower has proved the most economical, efficient and *successful* means of turf maintenance. Prices from **21 guineas** or **£6** down. Send for Catalogue.

A letter from the General Manager, Crystal Palace, London.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., 10, TILTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM

THE LOVELY
SOUTH of IRELAND
CALLS YOU

THE LAND that has been immortalised by poets innumerable needs little to emphasise its claims as a holiday resort.

The charm of Ireland undoubtedly lies in the South and South-West, where mountain, lake and river combine in presenting to the eye a picture of unparalleled beauty.

Tourist or holiday-maker visiting the lovely South, whether mountaineer, angler, antiquarian, or just a lover of the picturesque, will be charmed with the wealth of material for enjoyment and the homely friendship of the inhabitants. Comfortable and well-equipped hotels are to be found at all the principal resorts.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO SOUTHERN IRELAND IS BY

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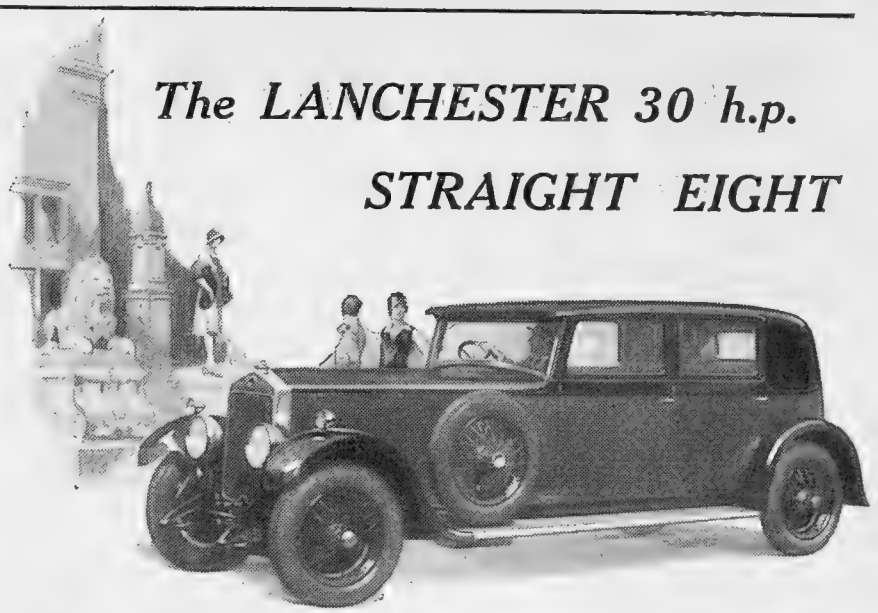
JAMES MILNE, GENERAL MANAGER, G.W.R. PADDINGTON

The LANCHESTER 30 h.p. STRAIGHT EIGHT



THE most notable example of advanced design that even Lanchester has produced . . . A car for the man who delights in the possession of great power and in the knowledge that he can use it with safety, whilst at the same time desiring that luxury of road travel and complete refinement for which Lanchester Cars are famous. You should see it; give it a thorough trial and judge its qualities for yourself. See also the 21 H.P. 6-cylinder Model; both outstanding examples of British Automobile Engineering at its best.

Full particulars of the 30 H.P. Straight Eight and the 21 H.P. 6-cylinder Models on request. Trial runs by appointment.

Lanchester

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IN day wear and night wear there are no garments so handsome, cosy, practical and lasting as "TRICOLINE" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas. The fine colours always remain clear and fast. Like the good suits with which they are worn, "TRICOLINE" Shirts and Collars are perfectly tailored . . . worthy of their silky and enduring fabric.

SOLD BY LEADING STORES AND OUTFITTERS.

If any difficulty write M9, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling St., London, E.C.4

ASK TO SEE THE NEW No. C "Tricoline" WEATHERCOAT. Rainproof—yet Porous. Cool and Light.

"Tricoline" REGD THE EQUAL TO SILK

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This Vacation—

Bring the CHILDREN to GAMAGES ZOO

The LIZARD

Above is an illustration of the Common Lizard to be seen in Gamages Zoo. It is an interesting, clean and harmless pet, easily housed and managed. They become tame, and it is amusing to watch their quick movements in catching flies, etc., on which they feed.

The famous Gamage Zoo is an irresistible attraction. There are domestic pets such as Pups, Mice, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, etc., and all kinds of fascinating reptiles, monkeys, and mongoose on view. Apart from the Zoo there is the most wonderful toy and sports display in Europe. Gamages is a veritable children's paradise, and is the one store which caters for the young folk in *all* their activities and interests.

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Telephone: Holborn 8484

THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE: An operator transmitting a wireless 'phone call from America and, on left, *an operator tuning-in an American speech, both to London land lines*

The World of WIRELESS

Selectivity Aids; The New Station at Baldock

By HUGH S. POCOCK

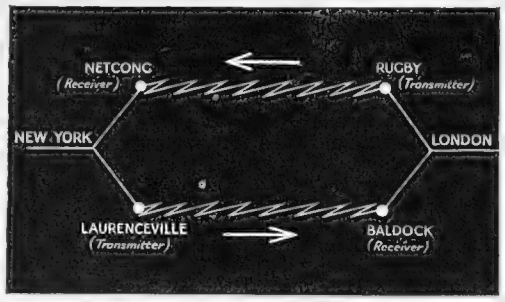
(Editor of "The Wireless World")

The problem of selectivity is one which has become very acute for a large number of listeners since the opening of the second transmitter at Brookman's Park. Fortunately however it is by no means so fraught with difficulties as has been represented.

Undoubtedly the simplest method of achieving the desired end is to shorten the aerial. In the case of a reasonably sensitive receiver this procedure will not have any appreciable effect upon the signal strength obtained from distant stations, unless the interference is so strong that the shortening process would have to be carried to an absurd limit, in which case this method would not be employed. There is no need actually to shorten the aerial in a physical sense by cutting off part of it, as it can be done electrically by the simple expedient of putting a small semi-variable condenser in series with the aerial lead-in wire.

A semi-variable condenser can be obtained for a shilling or two from any wireless dealer, and even the most non-technical user can easily connect it up. The condenser has two terminals connected to the aerial lead-in wire and the aerial terminal on the set. One can then vary the capacity of the condenser until it gives just the desired degree of selectivity and no more, thus minimizing the sacrifice of signal strength. It should be pointed out that when this arrangement is put into circuit it will cause the scale reading of the ordinary aerial tuning condenser to become higher for any given station; incidentally, this fact will in itself confer still more selectivity, for a reason which need not be discussed here.

If the foregoing method is proved ineffective, the money spent on the small semi-variable condenser will not have been wasted as the instrument can be used in the construction of a wave-trap, a device which consists of a coil shunted by a variable condenser. This coil and condenser assembly is inserted in series in the aerial lead-in, as in the case of the simple condenser arrangement discussed previously. When a wave-trap of this type is in use the receiver is first tuned to the desired transmission, and then the condenser, connected across the coil and forming the wave-trap, is adjusted until signals from the interfering station are eliminated. In a case where it is desired to receive the 356-metre London programme without interference from that on 261 metres, the receiver is tuned to the 356-metre wave-length and then the wave-trap condenser is adjusted until all interference from the lower wave-length station disappears. When it is desired to receive the 261-metre transmission the procedure is reversed.



STATE CONTROL OF WORLD WIRELESS 'PHONES: The Government has decided that wireless telephony between Britain and the World, the greatest system of communication of to-morrow, is to remain in the hands of the State and not of a private company. The new station at Baldock is to be the official receiving station, and already mid-Atlantic messages by telephone have made telephonic history at Baldock. One instrument is in constant touch with the world, and the other with all ships in every corner of the Universe. In this way any person sitting in his office or at home can lift up the receiver of the ordinary land-line telephone and in a few minutes can be speaking to a person many thousands of miles away

It will be noticed that the wave-trap rejects the unwanted signals, and hence it is sometimes known as a rejector. If it is desired to reject *both* the London transmissions in favour of another programme altogether, two traps can be employed in series with one another, one rejecting the lower and the other the higher wave-length transmission. These devices can be constructed quite simply from designs published from time to time in the technical press, or they can be purchased ready for use at a small cost.

It will probably be realized from the foregoing explanation that if two traps are used, those whose main object is the reception of one or other of the two transmissions of a regional station can employ a very simple switching arrangement whereby a quick change-over can be made from one wave-length to the other without the necessity of readjusting the wave-trap condenser every time a change is made, which would be the case if only one trap were employed.

EXAMINATION: The chief engineer examines the transmission line from the aerial to the Baldock Station

THE G.P.O. TYPE OF AERIAL SYSTEM: The only representative of this type in Britain. It is used for transatlantic telephony

ROYAL MAIL

SUMMER CRUISES

VISITING ICELAND
SPITZBERGEN
NORTHERN CAPITALS
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NORWAY ETC.
JUNE 21, JULY 5,
JULY 25, AUG. 15

ALSO SPRING AND AUTUMN CRUISES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN BY

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ATLANTIS
THE LATEST CRUISING SHIP

Write for cruising programme to
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
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EAST ANGLIA

offers an abundance of bright warm sunshine, tempered by bracing sea breezes — a combination which has made this part of England deservedly popular among countless holiday makers.

In addition to the famous watering places on the Eastern seaboard, the historic inland towns and quaint villages are a great source of interest to the visitor, while the Broads district has its unique attraction for those who desire the tranquility and charm of inland waterways.

Being on "The Drier Side," the many East Anglian resorts served by the L.N.E.R. and the nearby Broads hold an unrivalled attraction for thousands of happy folk. They are described and beautifully illustrated in an interesting booklet "EASTERN COUNTIES," which may be obtained FREE from :—

Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2; L.N.E.R., York; or Waverley Station, Edinburgh; Traffic Superintendent, L.N.E.R., Aberdeen; or L.N.E.R. Stations, Offices and Agencies.

THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK

860 pages — comprising many holiday pictures in photogravure, street plans and maps, and extensive lists of holiday accommodation. The Complete Guide to all the places of interest and seaside resorts served by the L.N.E.R. On sale at any L.N.E.R. Station, Office or Agency, or from all Booksellers and Bookstalls. Price 6D

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Tuscany Italy

"A Corner of Paradise"

Florence

The Mecca of Art lovers. The richest art galleries in the world. Spring Events: May 3-4, football in mediæval costumes. May 10–12, gathering of singers and dancers in typical costumes of the Italian provinces. May 14, Concert by the New York Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini.

Montecatini Terme

An hour's journey from Florence, Pisa, Lucca and Viareggio. Baths of imposing Roman style. World-famous healing waters for affections of the intestines, liver, stomach and kidneys. Wonderful Parks. All amusements and sports. Season, April 1—November 30.

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Thirty minutes from Viareggio and Montecatini. Piazza del Duomo; a miracle of marble emerging from a carpet of "verdure." The greatest masterpieces of the Romanesque art. The mildest climate, sung by Shelley and Byron.

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The "plage" of cosmopolitan society. Famous carnival processions. Great motor meeting. Summer season, June-October. Situated in the midst of palms and on the slopes of the most fascinating mountains.

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A great woollen and artistic centre of Italy. 15 minutes from Florence. Masterpieces by Donatello, Lippi, Giambologna.

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ASK FOR "FLORENCE WEEKLY." FREE WEEKLY INFORMATION BULLETIN.

Havas

PORTRAITS in OIL and VINEGAR

(*Continued from p.* 162)

wants to remember; and his almost uncanny capacity for doing the famous act known as the Jack-in-the-Box.

David means to make history just once more before he makes his last bow on the stage of the House - . . and it is not inconceivable that he will make it! Yes, even though the tide seems to have run past him.

Conjuror. Contortionist. Magic-maker. Here, indeed, is the medicine-man of politics.

A medicine-man to lead lost causes. To galvanize forlorn hopes. To wring victory from defeat.

And when the world forgets all else about the little Welsh Celt who, from his cradle, like all Celts, learned to lead the Sassenach by the nose, it will remember his courage!

We have begun on a high note. We end up on a note of the mediocre. But oh! how comfortable and "safe" the mediocre can be.

Stanley Baldwin, his honest-to-God briar going steadily, seems an ugly duckling amongst all these birds of raucous cries and varied plumage. And just because he is an ugly duckling, the world of politics takes him to its susceptible heart.

One hopes and believes that Stanley is as honest as his face, but if he is, it seems nearly inconceivable. One hopes that "Old Trusty," as the world visualizes him in words, is as trustworthy as his pipe, but that also seems a dream impossible of translation into fact. And one hopes, and believes, that when all the smoke and pother of the party politics of our day have died away, Stanley Baldwin will be found philosophic, unsubdued, smoking at his post, the darling of the people if not of the gods.

For there is nothing your Englishman fears more than brilliance, and especially imaginative brilliance. And Mr. Baldwin has neither the one nor the other, and thanks God for it!

"Good old Baldwin!"

But whether that be epitaph or epigram is not for us here to determine.

HAWAIIAN COWBOYS

By MABEL STEEDMAN

Hawaii is a land of surprises. One is amazed, for instance, to find there the largest herd of Hereford cattle in the world. This herd is kept at the largest ranch in the islands, a ranch of hundreds of thousands of acres situated at Kamuela. It is known as the Parker Ranch and covers the slopes of Mauna Kea, the highest island mountain in the Pacific, soaring grandly to its eternal snows 13,825 ft. above the sea. It is an ideal cattle country, and picturesque red-shirted Hawaiian cowboys sweeping over the downs on their splendid horses provide reminiscences of the Old West.

It was an Englishman, Captain George Vancouver, who introduced cattle into the Hawaiian Islands. The only animals known to Old Hawaii were hogs, dogs, fowls, and mice. That signifies that they had no beasts of burden and no wild animals to hunt. The commoners had to act as beasts of burden, and the chiefs amused themselves by shooting mice with bows and arrows. Dogs were used as food, and tenants had to supply a certain number of dogs as part of their rent to the chief for use at his meals. The memory of Captain George Vancouver is cherished as that of a wise benefactor of the Hawaiian people. On February 14, 1793, he gave as a present to King Kamehameha I, greatest of Hawaiian monarchs, a bull and a cow, the first ever seen on the islands. The animals were taken ashore in a canoe; a most troublesome cargo for such a craft one would imagine. So grateful was the king that he presented the captain with four feather helmets, a large number of pigs, and huge quantities of fruit and vegetables. Vancouver then turned over to the king his remaining animals, which included five cows and three sheep. These were not the first sheep to be landed, however, for Captain Cook had previously introduced goats and sheep.

King Kamehameha the Great was sixty-seven years old when he saw his first horse. Captain Cleveland landed the first horses at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, in 1803, and when he gave them to the king the monarch asked if they were to be used for food.

A sailor gave the Hawaiians their first lesson in riding a horse. During the reign of Kamehameha III three Spaniards came to the islands at his special request to teach the natives how to rope wild steers and conquer bucking horses. Roping and broncho-busting became a fine art, and to-day Hawaiian cowboys are supreme. One year Ikua Purdy, the cow-boy champion of the islands, won the championships at Cheyenne "Frontier Days," one of the greatest of American rodeos, greatly to the astonishment of the Americans. Some of the Hawaiian girls on the ranches will ride a horse at full gallop, bareback and without any means of control, guiding it by a slap on the right or left cheek according to which way it is required to go. The writer has personally witnessed amazing exhibitions of riding which, to the participants, were merely part of the every-day routine.

RIDERS OF THE PACIFIC: A typical Hawaiian cowboy tending the largest herd of Herefords in the world

Kamehameha III, although a king, was one of the first ranchers in his kingdom, owning a huge tract of land on the Island of Hawaii. He had an Englishman as a partner, Mr. William Beckley, who ran his section of the ranch independently, and called it "Little Mexico." Here he raised thoroughbred horses. It is this land that is now known as the Parker Ranch, which extends twenty-five miles from gate to gate.

Long ago it was noted for the lavish hospitality of Colonel Samuel Parker, Hawaii's *bon vivant* and a close friend of King Kalakaua. To-day the ranch is owned by a boy of fourteen who does not live there. A very competent manager is responsible for the care of the tens of thousands of cattle and the general welfare of the ranch.

This is only one of many large ranches on the islands, several of which were first owned by Englishmen. The islands can boast of magnificent herds of cattle and fine, gentle horses.

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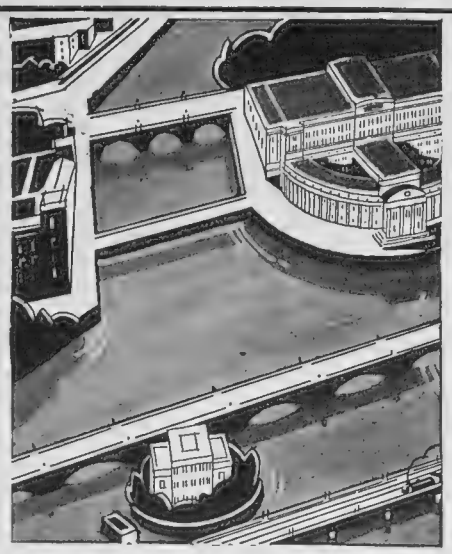

After we have marvelled over the water at that masterpiece in red brick, the Town Hall, we cross a bridge or two and come to the huge Royal Palace. Narrow winding streets, tightly packed with ancient houses lead us to the House of the Nobles. More bridges! No wonder, for this city straddles over thirteen islands! Trees—great green blocks of them; white buildings looking at themselves in glinting water; a medieval doorway close upon the heels of modernist buildings; boats, skim about like taxies; air with a kick in it and a sun that's on duty for sixteen hours a day. In a word—Stockholm!

Little white steamers are sunning themselves by the quay. One takes us past a bevy of buildings by the water. Flags are fluttering gaily, and a great steel tower runs up into the sky. That must be the famous exibition of Swedish Arts and Crafts. Then we're threading a way between lovely wooded islands.

Deep in the trees we can hear music and the faint clatter of china—Saltsjöbaden. We slip past a flock of yachts into Sandhamn, headquarters of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. It's the Stockholm Archipelego!

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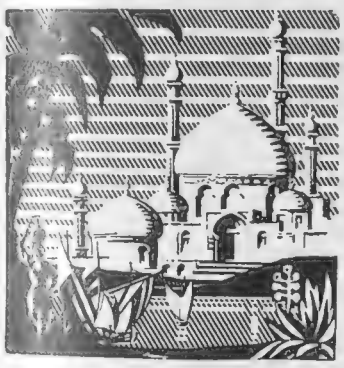

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YOUR BRAIN CAN BE WASHED!

A Remarkable Advance in Medical Science Described

By Professor W. FINKLER

It makes many people's heads reel to read of the fantastic discoveries in surgery, which seem as if they had come from some Utopian novel. But the latest effort is sane reality, and has been already accomplished successfully, even to the extent of actually saving life. It is this: washing the human brain, cleaning out the brain pan. No trepanning, no removal of the bone, no lengthy operation. Simply by means of a hypodermic needle inserted from the base of the skull into the so-called cistern, the hollow under the lower brain, which is connected with the brain by an elongated marrow. The operation is called "Puncturing the Cistern," and has many uses, but its main object is the washing out of the brain.

The original use of the discovery was for simple diagnostic purposes. The brain is embedded in a liquid which has so far defied all analysis and whose very purpose is something of a mystery. Examination of it has often yielded valuable evidence in cases of obscure illness. But the question has always been as to how one could obtain the brain liquid for examination. Now, one simply inserts a hypodermic needle into the base of the skull, which is quite soft, between the base bone of the skull and the first cervical vertebra in the neck, straight into the cistern under the lower brain, that is, in the extreme tip of the brain pan. The brain liquid then flows through the needle in a strictly regulated amount, exactly as if one were drawing off beer, or draining fluid off an inflamed rib by means of a pump.

The brain pump is not only used for examination of the fluid in the laboratory, but can be used for much more important things on the spot. It can be ascertained whether the pressure of the liquid is normal, or too high, or too low. Like the blood in the veins, the brain liquid must be kept at a definite pressure, or else the function of the brain will be impaired. Every irregularity of pressure results in unpleasant disturbances. If the scale attached to the needle registers too high a pressure, then the case can be treated therapeutically, direct from diagnosis to treatment. The pressure is immediately lowered through draining off a little in the needle.

Abnormal pressure of the brain liquid often means intolerable pains, and this draining-off therefore is of particular importance in the case of the so-called "Water-Head" disease. This disease is really nothing else but that young skull bones are deformed by the excessive pressure exerted by the brain liquid. The draining helps also in cases of swellings, inflammation, and abscesses on the brain, and acts as a relief from unbearable headaches and pains.

But not only the removal of superfluous liquid is important. In the brain liquid are, in some illnesses, certain poisons which can now be drawn off, and so a cure is effected. In cases of kidney diseases too, which infect the whole body with an overflow of poison which should be carried off by the kidneys, improvement has been achieved by "Puncturing the Cistern." The hypodermic needle also removes poisoning of the brain liquid which may have taken place through the introduction of foreign bodies into the brain. The most interesting instance of this is treatment in cases of alcoholic poisoning.

It might seem as if the brain would be damaged by the removal of liquid which is so essential to its proper functioning, and the consequent alteration of its pressure, as assuredly a certain amount of liquid is absolutely necessary. But there exists a complicated natural mechanism for the regulation of influx and efflux and of the pressure of the liquid. It is due to this regulating apparatus that the fluid is not deranged by puncturing for long, but the equilibrium soon restored.

RECORDING FATIGUE IN THE HAND-GRIP: A demonstration of the Ergograph

The connection now established between the interior of the skull and the outer world by means of the needle allows not only of draining the fluid off, but also of pumping it in. It is possible to inject healing serums and medicaments direct into the brain pan, whereby they are rendered much more effective than when introduced otherwise.

The last of the new possibilities is that of pumping a liquid in and then out again. That is a regular washing-out of the brain pan with disinfectant. In cases of apparent death and arrested breathing, the draining of the brain liquid has often saved life, and the results are even better when fresh living matter can be pumped into the brain. Thanks to a marvellous technique, the operation has lost all its early dangers.

The prime medical importance of the discovery is that it has revolutionized the treatment of many diseases. A short time ago a large number of treatments for diseases of the brain were as good as useless. It is only a few years since it has been found possible to operate at all directly on the brain itself. Medicaments which ordinarily cannot find their way into the brain by reason of an invisible barrier in the form of a chemical reaction which transforms all matter entering the brain, or rejects it, can now enter by the process of Air-Blowing-In. To-day one can obtain from the brains of cattle an extract which is apparently rich in brain hormones, a juice which is capable of increasing the functions of the normal brain. However, up to to-day this has been possible only in experiments on animals. To-day we can even *heat* the brain electrically and obtain increased blood influx, by which many illnesses such as lameness, insomnia, and others can be healed. In diathermy, the electric alternating current penetrates the skull bones and rouses the brain to activity.

When one thinks of the advances made in brain surgery, of the possibility of removing abscesses through the nose, of the progress made in X-raying the brain, one obtains an idea of the imposing progress recently made in the fight against brain diseases.

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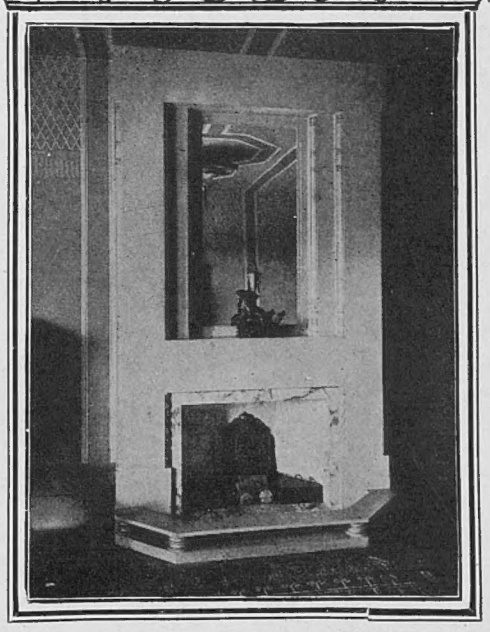

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(Continued from p. 178)

all exhibited in the golden and mahogany rooms where royalty danced and played, never dreaming that the shades of forgotten men would come back from bleak prison graves and live in their ballrooms.

Most of the space in this section of the palace is given over to the record of the Revolution of 1917. There is the battered droshky from which Trotsky harangued the war-weary mobs during that fateful October. There are many photographs of those days. The very building itself is a memento of the time. It bears the gaping wounds of the winning battle. When the cadets of the Provisional Government failed to protect the frantic Kerensky, barricaded in the palace, the hungry Russian mob rushed up the marble stairs of the palace, and the Revolution of the Proletariat succeeded. So the shells embedded in the walls of the front rooms remain where they struck; and the windows through which the projectiles crashed are left unrepaired, except for encasements of glass that enclose the jagged holes and leave them visible and eloquent testimony to the birth of a new social order.

In the shadow of their former luxury thousands of old bourgeoisie and nobles eke out an existence in the city they once owned. They are employed in factories, libraries, and banks; and so long as they do their work well and refrain from talking about the Government they are not molested—although they always are suspected. They have a common lot with the worker, and cannot rise above it. Only at the Sunday market are the former aristocracy conspicuous among the proletariat. Here great groups of them gather to sell their heirlooms and trade away the dwindling collection of trinkets salvaged from the wreck of their fortunes. They must arrive early in the morning to secure a favourable location for their wares. Where there once was rivalry among them for a chair of precedence at a sparkling dinner party, there now is competition for a seat on the damp earth along the place alloted them for their weekly bazaar.

No less startling than noblemen peddling knick-knacks in a public market are the proletarian intellectuals crowding the imperial box at the Alexandra Theatre on the opening night of the Leningrad season. Here are the new against the background of the old, the *literati* of the Soviets in the seats of the mighty. They give the impression of a group of labour organisers suddenly transported from the platform of a strike meeting and set down amid the trappings of royalty. A golden coat of arms of the Romanoffs has been chiselled from the front of the great box that protrudes far into the parquet, and the resulting scar stares blankly at Red Russia's new drama—a drama that departs from all established concepts of the theatre as violently as the Soviet social order has swung from autocracy.

In the large hotels operated by the Soviet Government, the past and present catch step and travel together, an incongruous team. Usually in his enterprise the Communist makes a fine effort to adhere strictly to dogma. Logically there is no place in his creed for meaningless pleasures, luxuries that are softening, and class distinctions. But in hotel operation, for good business reasons, an exception is made in this doctrine, and the same accommodations offered by capitalist hotels are attempted with Communist methods.

The Europa Hotel—a mammoth building spread over a large block—was the leading hostelry of the country during the Tsarist regime, and to-day is the outstanding one in Russia.

As the foot of a vast stairway, where obsequious servants stood by while the talented, the rich and the noble of old Russia ascended to the ballroom, there is now an astoundingly different sort of employee. Char-women, heads wound in flaming red scarfs, smoke and chat with crimson-bloused porters as the guests pass up the stairs. Smoking is the order of the day with the hotel staff. So the bell-boy smokes as he totes your baggage, and the waiter lays his cigarette on your ash-tray to make the service safer.

The long dining-room stretched across the top floor of the building has a vastness characteristic of this country with so much space to spare. It is appointed in the old way. There are cosy niches with flowers and palms, great round tables spread with the finest linens and set with silver and china from the palace of a grand duke, deep carpets—a bit mangy now—and an orchestra that takes an occasional fling at jazz.

But the room is a gloomy one in which to dine. Over it hangs the hapless phantoms of the Russia that laughed and gambled and played its way into oblivion. Though the modern improvements, embodied in an electric fan, are called to the guest's attention, and he is directed to pay heed to the delicacies of capitalist countries listed on the menu at prices fully in keeping with a capitalist's notions of profit, and though no one is urged to feel at home, the Soviets do not make the spirit of the affair live. One always feels the ascetic faith of the Communist crackling through the place, sense their contempt for men and women of property, and creeps a bit at the eerie idea of playing with dead men's toys.

BOND ISSUES IN UNITED STATES DURING 1929.

A table compiled by the *Wall Street Journal* givi the volume of underwritings of Bond Issues the United States carried out by the ten leading secur houses during the past year shows that the larg volume of business was transacted by the Natio City Company both as head of syndicate and parti pant in other syndicates. As head of syndic the National City Company was responsible 357,000,000 dols., the Chase Securities Corporati coming next with 258,000,000 dols. As participant other syndicates The National City Company figure 1,000,910,000 dols., Harris Forbes & Co. being ne with 864,428,000 dols. The table is as follows:

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	Dols.
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Kuhn, Loeb and Co.	132,335,000
Lee Higginson and Co.	127,150,000
Lehman Bros.	123,852,000

As Syndicate Head or Participant.

	Dols.
National City Company	1,000,910,000
Harris, Forbes and Co	864,428,500
Guaranty Company	757,594,000
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Continental Illinois Company	598,430,000
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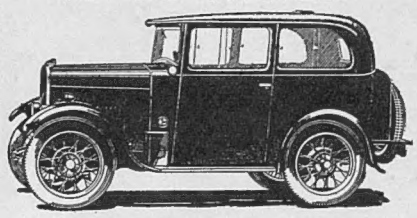

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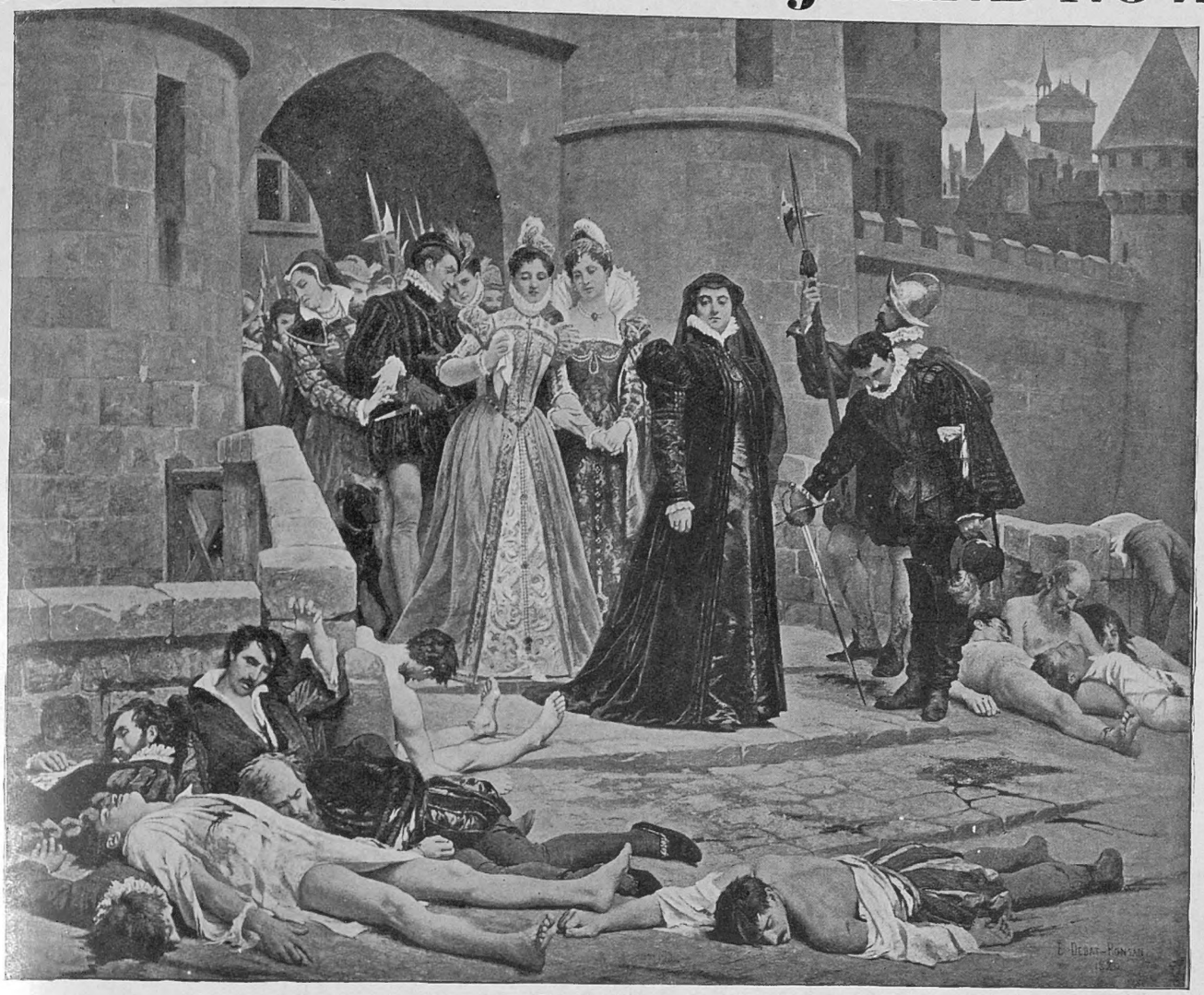
Famous Women of History—AND NOW



Catherine de' Medici

"CATHERINE was an Italian of the Renaissance. She had matured quickly, both physically and mentally; and she was not slow to realise that she had to make the best of an awkward situation. She surrounded herself with a number of ladies, among whom was Mademoiselle d'Heilly, afterwards Duchesse d'Escampes and the mistress of King Francis. These women she played off one against the other, delighting the crafty King by her methods so that he quickly grew fond of his Italian daughter-in-law.

The King used to ride with her in the forest of Fontainebleau; and she accompanied him on hunting expeditions to Blois and Amboise. The two delighted in each other's company — one a great monarch whose name terrified half Europe; the other a meagre Italian Princess whose husband was almost dumb.

But the Dauphin Henry's character was to change. And, like most changes in a man's life, it was to come through a woman — the widow of the Grand Seneschal of Rouen, the Duchess of Valentinois, known to history as Diane de Poitiers.

Diane was rich; she lived in a palace; her retinue of servants would have moved Cardinal Wolsey to envy. Catherine de' Medici was not beautiful; she was comely; Diane de Poitiers was not comely; she was beautiful. When she descended on the young Henry the boy was overwhelmed. No sooner was Diane installed in his affections (despite that she was seventeen years his senior) than she began to make him talk. And talk he did!" .... The whole story is in

Also in the April Issue

"THE GIRL FRIEND" *by Storm Jameson*
"MISS TELFORD'S BED" *by Warwick Deeping*
"WHY I WANT TO GO TO RUSSIA" *by Rosita Forbes*
"NEW VALUES IN CRIME" *by Negley Farson*
"ONE OF THE TWELVE" *by Anthony Gibbs*
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" *No. 4 — BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS by Diana Bourbon*
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," *Catherine de Medici, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
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Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic.

"I lost the argument, but won the money."

Sir Edward: "If I understand you correctly, you telegraphed £50 each way SHAUN GOILIN which won at 100/8, and forgot to sign the telegram."

Freddy: "That's so, but seeing it was only a careless slip on my part I fully thought I was entitled to be credited with the winnings."

Sir Edward: "To be quite candid, I thoroughly disagree with you. Surely you cannot expect to penalise your bookmaker for what you admit was your own carelessness. Suppose the horse had lost, you couldn't have been charged."

Freddy: "But hang it all, it seemed dashed hard lines. I don't often back such a nice winner. Imagine my disappointment."

Sir Edward: "Only natural; anyhow, what happened subsequently?"

Freddy: "Oh, we agreed to leave it to a third party. I was even allowed to choose my own arbitrator, so I asked Bob to decide it. He said I hadn't a leg to stand on, and almost told me it was even a presumption on my part to consider I had any claim."

Sir Edward: "So that ended the matter?"

Freddy: "No, not by a long way. I certainly lost the argument, but imagine my surprise when I received a cheque in full settlement Monday morning with a most courteous letter politely rapping me over the knuckles, and advising me to be more careful in future."

Sir Edward: "You must have a most generous agent, who is he?"

Freddy: "Why, 'Duggie' of course! Don't you remember recommending him to me?"

Sir Edward: "Oh! So I did! Come to think of it, no one but 'Duggie' would have treated you so well. That's why I'm so *enthusiastic* about him."

Follow Sir Edward's advice— Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London

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